BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY, 1951

TWO SHILLINGS

The afternoon dress, by Victor Stiebel of Jacqmar is in shot grosgrain—*rayon* shot grosgrain; and the suitcase from Finnigans of Bond Street is lined with moiré taffeta—*rayon* moiré taffeta. Nowadays, versatile rayon serves both the couturier and the craftsman in leather.

rayon in use

COURTAULDS—***the greatest name in rayon***

Courtaulds Limited, 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 42 No. 7 JULY, 1951

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CONTENTS

Cover Design

by *Camera Clix*

Articles

Our Visitors Keep to Their Own Map of Britain
by *Gordon Beckles* 13 and 66

A New Deal for the Glensfolk
by *Martin Thornhill* 14-15 and 76

Napoleon's Market is on the Way Out
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 55

What Price the Penny Press?
by *Guy Livingston* 20 and 55

A Romance that Never Flowered
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24 and 76

The Forest's Changing Face
by *J. D. U. Ward* 25 and 56

English Treasure House
by *Gwyneth Pennethorne* 28 and 56

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 32 and 74

Home Section

Domain of Discovery 33 and 64

Identification Papers 34

Comfort and Convenience 35

Manners, Please
by *A. J. Steylaers* 36 and 66

Expert in the Chair 37

How to Buy a House
by *Lorna Lewis* 38–39

Cooks in Clover 40–41

Collector's Fancy
by *Laurel Pascal* 42–43 and 70

Knitting :
Piped with White 44 and 64
Curled Rib Neck 44 and 64

Sleeping Partners 45

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Nerves Are Not to Live On 46 and 47
Save Your Face 47

Helping Hands 48–49

Cookery :
Hot Weather Appetite 50–51 and 76

Choosing a Prep School 52 and 64

Stories

The Changing Heart
by *Jon Cleary*
Illustrations
by *D. L. Wynne* 9–12 and 72

Murder by Jury
by *Michael Gilbert*
Illustrations
by *Eric Winter* 17–19 and 70

Father Knows Best
by *Charles Lloyd-Jones*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 26–27 and 58

Orca's Quest
by *William Macmillan*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 29–31 and 68

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195–198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

WHETHER WET—
WEATHER DRY
IDRIS SQUASHES
SATISFY

Nothing fickle about Idris quality. You can rely absolutely on the unchanging quality of Idris squashes. These superlative soft drinks, so good, so thirst quenching are popular in all seasons and in all weathers. Only pure juice from carefully selected fruit finds its way into an Idris bottle. Insist upon Idris.

TRY IT—
AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

BY APPOINTMENT MANUFACTURERS OF FRUIT BEVERAGES

LEMON, ORANGE, LIME, GRAPE FRUIT—
SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE

TUDOROSE

FULLY FASHIONED *Stockings*

for sheer loveliness

FLIES ARE A MENACE

Straight from the dustbin to your dining table, the fly brings a risk of sickness to you and yours. Don't give him a chance, kill him at once with Flit. Spray with Flit regularly and lightly all rooms to destroy flies, and do not forget to spray crevices, wainscoting, picture rails.

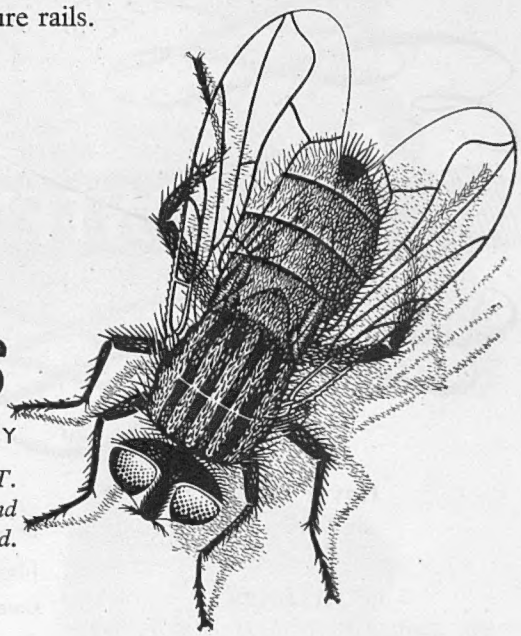
ECONOMICAL IN USE
ECONOMICAL IN PRICE
8 oz. 1/6d. 16 oz. 2/9d.
32 oz. 5/-
FLIT AEROSOL
Small 6/9d.
Large 12/6d.

FLIT
REGD. TRADE MARK

KILLS FLIES

CHEAPLY • QUICKLY • CLEANLY

Flit, the world's No. 1 Insecticide, containing D.D.T. is also sold as a powder against crawling insects 1/-; and as a "press-button" Aerosol Spray, 6/9d. and 12/6d.



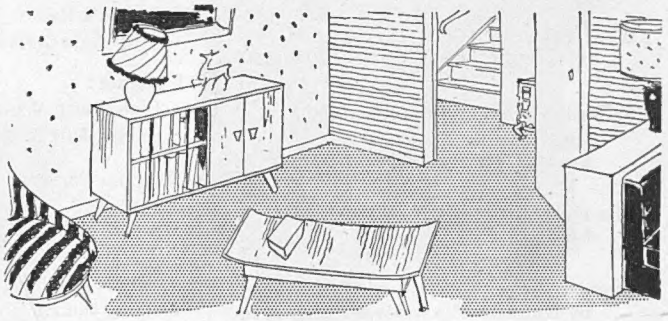
FLIT IS AN ESSO PRODUCT

Good shoes deserve good treatment...

Meltonian

SHOE CREAMS & DRESSINGS

YOU can Close-carpet your rooms...hall...etc with **DOWNSHIRE** *carpeting*



only 12/- yard *(18" wide)*

Make up your own fitted carpets from Downshire rubber-backed carpeting. It requires no underfelt . . . is easily cut . . . lies flat and needs no sewing or binding. Wears well and gives a soft tread. **In nine lovely colours.**

17/- Per Yard (27" wide)
22/- ,, ,, (36" wide)
33/- ,, ,, (54" wide)

Carriage paid. Send 1/- for complete range of samples and full details

Send Now for samples

PETER SHEPHERD & CO. LTD.

Dept. 9.X, Kennet Side Works, Reading, Berks.

Garden Furniture at its best

The "Ocean" Deck Chair, made throughout of prime beach. Supplied with best quality, vat dyed, striped or plain green rot-proof canvas, with padded seat and head cushion. This Chair is adjustable whilst the occupant remains seated, by means of a rachet unit under each arm. Unvarnished **£3 18 6**
Canopy **24/4d.** *extra. Leg Rest* **22/6d.** *extra.*

The "Runnymead" Garden Couch Hammock, with adjustable back, three loose cushions and wide padded arms. The tubular steel folding framework is painted cream. Thoroughly recommended **£26 17 6**
Waterproof night cover for this Hammock is available, **£11 12 6** *extra.*

Garden or Beach Chair, with extra wide seat and polished frame. Light and portable. *Post and packing 1/6 each.* **£1 9 4**

Deck Chair, strongly made and supplied with vat dyed striped fabric or green rot-proof canvas. Unvarnished ... **£1 9 10**
Also available in polished condition, **£1 15 11.**

"Robin Hood" Low Garden Table, of straight varnished fir spars. 48 in. long by 24 in. wide **£5 4 6**

"Robin Hood" Rocking Chair, to match the Table. The component parts are simply bolted for ease of storage ... **£6 1 0**
Packing and carriage extra outside free delivery area.

★ **Send to-day for illustrated brochure of Garden Furniture**

Oetzmann

67-87 Hampstead Road, LONDON, N.W.1 *EUSton 5000*
(North end of Tottenham Court Road).
and Knightsbridge, S.W.1 *KENsington 6106*

Don't let *these eyes . . .*

become these . . .

Eyes—the very light of our lives! They are so natural to us that we never think of them. But these wonderful, intricate, sensitive instruments must be protected. Give them plenty of sleep, shield them from glare and the strain of modern conditions—and as an extra protection, treat them to regular bathing with OPTREX. It's so soothing to use, is absolutely safe, and is medically approved for the relief of all minor eye troubles.

Buy and use the Optrex Eye Bath. Anatomically designed. It fits your eye—and fits the bottle.

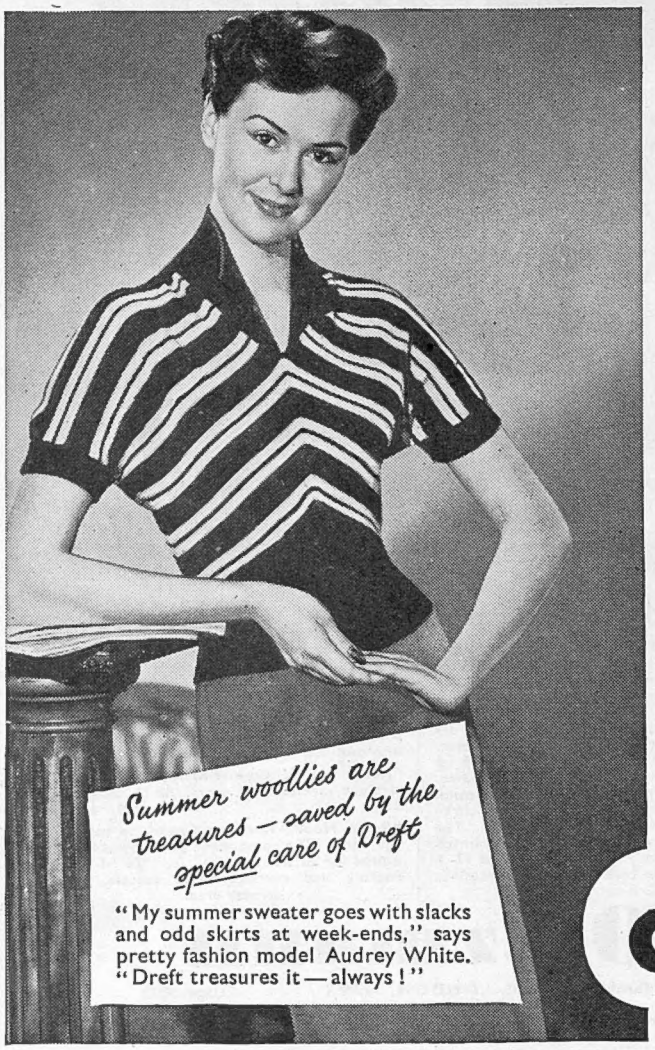
Optrex *the* **EYE LOTION**

2/6 · 4/4½ · 10/-

Liberty Nature Sole

Cradled heels, supported arches and resilient soles responding to every pressure are characteristics of Liberty "Nature-Sole" shoes. Comfort-giving extra width, too, is hidden by the graceful lines of super-flexible shoes. The most comfortable shoes ever made. Made in black and brown kid.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD. • LEICESTER


Summer woollies are treasures — saved by the special care of Dreft
"My summer sweater goes with slacks and odd skirts at week-ends," says pretty fashion model Audrey White. "Dreft treasures it — always!"

"Fashion Models are right" SAY HOUSEWIVES

"Dreft's *special* care keeps woollies lovely longer!"

Mrs. Corta: *"A 2½-year-old cardigan still lovely as new, thanks to Dreft's saving care!"*

MILLIONS of women simply rave about the wonderful way Dreft washes woollies softer, cleaner. And keeps them brighter, *ages* longer!

Says Mrs. Corta, 'Montrose', Fairlawn Road, Lytham St. Annes: "Over 2½ years ago my little daughter was given a Fair Isle cardigan, which I've always washed in Dreft. Do you know, she's still wearing it, and it looks lovely. It's wonderful how Dreft-washed woollies keep their newness longer and never seem to matt or fade"

Wash all your family's woollies as often as you like in Dreft. Being free from all harsh ingredients, Dreft is *specially safe*. Yes! Over 2,000 washing tests, recently completed, prove that Dreft is safer for coloured woollens than even the finest soap flakes!

And Dreft is really kind to your hands. *Wonderful* for washing up!

dreft SAFEST FOR WOOLLENS, SILKS—WASHES THEM BRIGHTER, CLEANER

MADE BY THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED.

No Pumping — No Filling — No Mess

FLIES WIPED OUT

at the touch of a button

Germ-carrying flies can be destroyed with ease if you use a Cooper's Household Aerosol. There's no need to chase them. Just press the button of the container for a second or two nearby, and whoosh . . . an almost invisible cloud of insecticide blankets the pests. A couple of minutes later, they're dying. But remember — only Cooper Aerosols contain "*Pybuthrin*", the new, super-efficient, non-poisonous flykiller. They're a "must" for the houseproud. Ask your Chemist or Ironmonger for COOPER'S.

For ordinary hand-spraying use Cooper's Household FLYSPRAY. Gives quick knock-down plus the long-term protection of D.D.T.

COOPER'S *Household* **AEROSOL**

* 9 times more powerful than standard flysprays.

COOPER, McDOUGALL & ROBERTSON, LTD., BERKHAMSTED, HERTS.
IC/31

Modernise your Toilet

with an EKCO *Belvedere* moulded seat from — 53/3

Perfectly hygienic—no joins or crevices to harbour germs —cannot stain, fade or absorb—fitted in a moment. In 11 permanent colours to match your existing sanitary ware. See your builder or ironmonger, or write for leaflet to:—

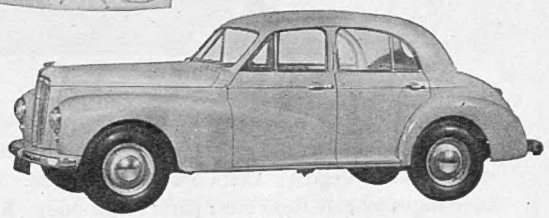
E. K. COLE LTD. (Dept. B.E.11), SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX

They're saying . . .

"Excellent speech, Charles. No doubt about it the Motor Industry is doing a magnificent job for Britain. Personally, I'm convinced those Morris people have got the right idea with their quality first policy. I've just taken delivery of a 'Six' and can well understand why there is such a big demand for it. It really is an amazingly fine car."

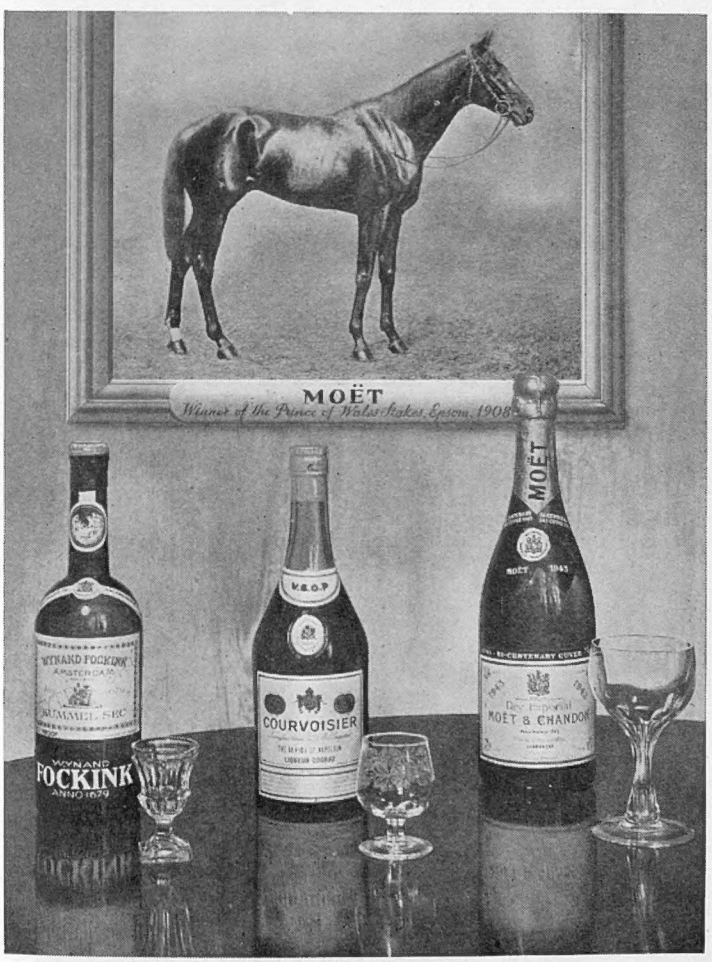
Quality First **MORRIS**

establishes a new and higher class in economy motoring

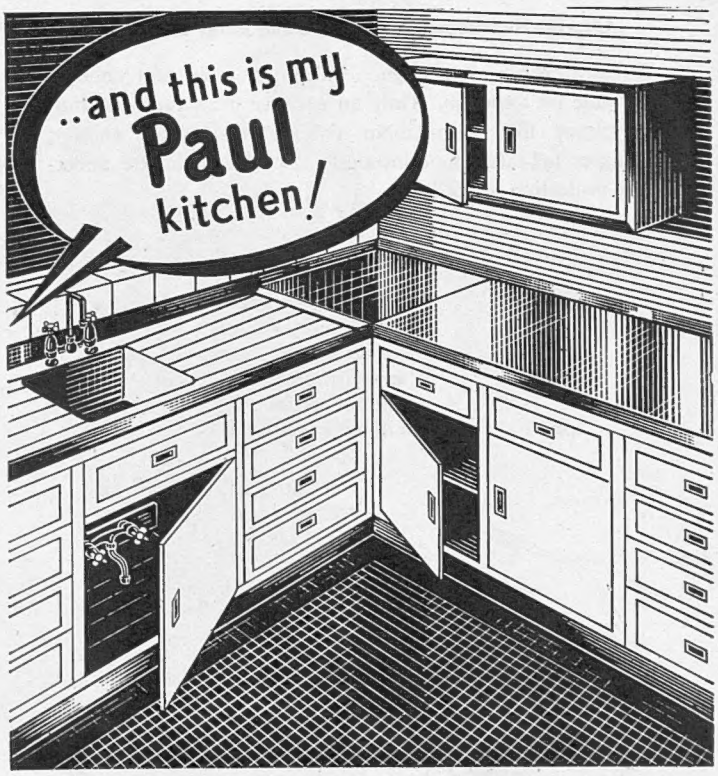


Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. Export Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

A NUFFIELD PRODUCT



THOROUGHBREDS



You too would be proud of a Paul Kitchen. They're neat, compact, easy to clean—they're Paul Stainless Steel Sinks and Cabinets, stocked by all good Builders' and Plumbers' Merchants.

Serial No. 1604
BRITISH
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
INSTITUTE
Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine
GUARANTEE
Replacement or refund of money if this article fails to conform to their standards

W. H. PAUL LTD *Metalcraft* BREASTON · DERBY

"Hasn't she ever heard of Odo-Ro-No?"

Humiliating, yes — but just as well to know !

It's no disgrace to perspire. Every normal, healthy person does to some degree. There are no exceptions. Perspiration evaporates quickly from most parts of the body. But not from the under-arm. So it goes stale. It soils and spoils your clothes. It leaves that tell-tale odour you may not notice, *but others certainly will.*

Odo-Ro-No banishes under-arm odour safely in seconds !

A daily bath isn't enough. Talcum powder isn't enough. Perfume isn't enough. Only an effective deodorant *and* anti-perspirant like Odo-Ro-No checks perspiration quickly, banishes tell-tale odour instantly, gives you complete under-arm protection for 24 hours.

More cream for your money !

IN JARS 1/6 AND 2/6

- Checks perspiration safely.
- Stops odour instantly.
- No waiting or rinsing.
- Never irritates normal skin.
- Will not rot fabrics.
- Will not cake in jar.

DE LUXE SPRAY: **3/11**

new quick-drying formula; no waiting, no rinsing.

USE ODO·RO·NO DAILY

AND BE SURE OF YOURSELF

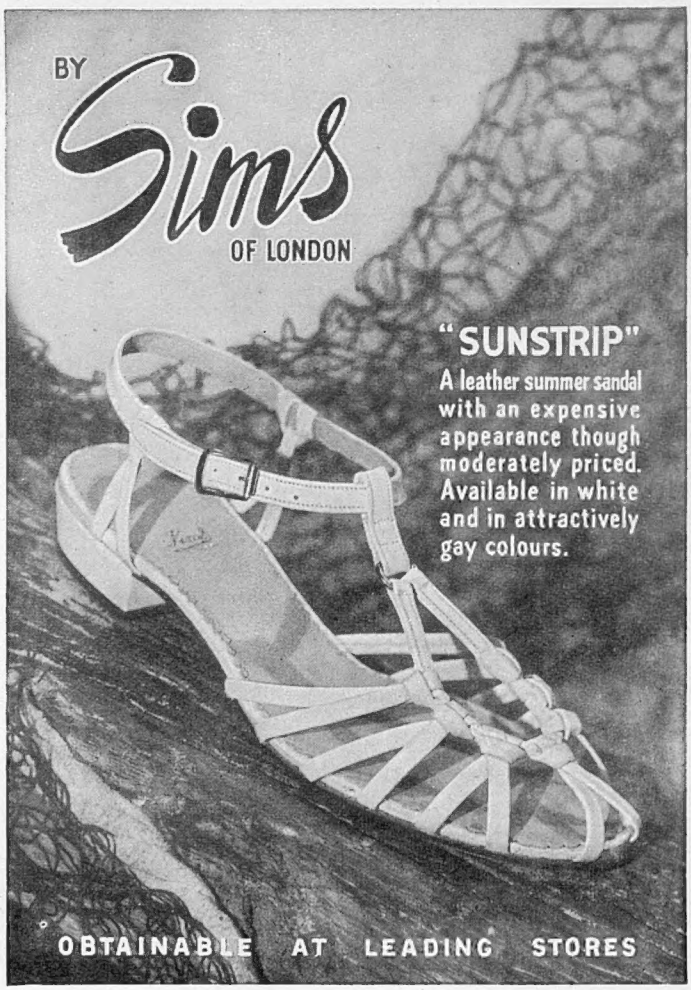
flower-fresh Cottons

DORCAS

FABRICS

sunny prints .. snappy plains with Dorcas quality in every fibre

PRODUCED BY A HOUSE FOUNDED 1747


BY
Sims
OF LONDON
"SUNSTRIP"
A leather summer sandal with an expensive appearance though moderately priced. Available in white and in attractively gay colours.
OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES

1851 THE GREAT EXHIBITION 1951

THE GREAT EXHIBITION

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI.
Biscuit Manufacturers

Huntley & Palmers

STILL the first name you think of in Biscuits

Established over 125 years

1851 FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN 1951

The ideal machine for town and country homes . . . that odd shopping run . . . the casual call . . . home to business and an equally speedy return . . . in fact for all the little trips that make the daily round. Easy to handle and giving approximately 95 miles per gallon the Gadabout is equipped with the Villiers 10D, 122c.c. two-stroke engine, 3-speed gear box with foot change, has a cruising speed of 30 m.p.h., comfortable seating and maximum weather protection. Obtainable from all authorised Swallow dealers.

Swallow Gadabout

Dept. A:
SWALLOW COACHBUILDING CO (1935) LTD · THE AIRPORT · WALSALL · STAFFS

Valstar

The Aristocrat of Raincoats

Write for the name of your nearest stockists

To VALSTAR LTD., 314 Regent Street, London, W.1

for sheer beauty in full fashioned stockings

Kayser Bondor nylon lacelon stockings have been selected for all the hostesses of the Festival of Britain.

The door was opened almost before his thumb was off the buzzer. Seeing her against the light, he knew she hadn't changed.

THE CHANGING HEART

A Short Story by JON CLEARY

"ARE you married, Nora?" Outside, Manhattan's towers were rampant against the slanting October sun; columns of shadow crashed silently into the streets. Seven years to the very month since they had met; a long time, maybe too long. "It's been a long time. You could be married, have a family——"

"No, Jack. I have a family, but I'm still a bachelor girl."

He tried to fathom that one. "Well, that's nice and modern. You do it in a small town, of course, but here in New York——. Well, congratutations, anyway."

She laughed; the sound had all the music of the memory. "It's my mother and sister. After my father died, they came to New York. We live out on Long Island now."

"Well, I'm broad-minded, but it's a relief to know you haven't any children. When can I see you? To-night?"

"If you want to. Come out home for dinner. I may be a little late, but Pat will look after you. Mother's away."

"Sure you want to see me? I don't want to be any trouble——"

"You were no trouble in the old days, Jack," she said. "Have you changed?"

SHE lived out in Bellaire. The lighted windows in the sky, the square stars of Manhattan, were behind him and the bandit signs of the taverns—STOP HERE! PULL UP!—stretched ahead of him down the road to Queens. The red neons came at him, blazed in his face like hold-up guns and went away into the darkness with the memories of the past.

He had met Nora during the war. He had come down from Canada on leave from the Empire Air Training School. The first night he'd gone to a party in the East Fifties and met a lot of beautiful women, shallow and brittle as gelatine, who had bored him stiff. Then he had seen her sitting quietly in a corner. Small and dark, calm and beautiful as the high skies he had flown, and suddenly the party had been worthwhile.

"I'm Jack Bradley," he said. "Do you belong here?"

"Not really." She seemed to come alive as she spoke; she laughed, a sound that made all the other laughter in the room thin and spurious. "I guess I'm here only because my boss forgot to tell me to go home. It's his party."

"Who's your boss?"

"Claude Norton, the producer. I'm his secretary."

"What's he produce?"

"Plays."

"Oh. And you say you're his secretary. What do his actresses look like, then?"

She threw away the compliment with a toss of her head. "Didn't you know this was his party? Are you gate-crashing?"

"I came with the acquaintance of an acquaintance. But I'd like to gate-crash out of here. You know the place at all?"

"I know just the gate. But leave your glass. I know he hasn't enough to go around."

"Feeling the effects of the war, eh?"

THEY rode to Staten Island and back on the ferry, talking and just looking up at the autumn sky, where the stars hung like white leaves still to fall; they walked on Third Avenue, laughing in the thunder of the bright-eyed dragon that raced above them on the El; and they sat on the steps of her apartment house in Greenwich Village and ate hot dogs while he told her of life in London and Berkshire, and she was surprised to learn that all Englishmen didn't have silly-ass accents. The night had been all fun and laughter,

and they had matched each other like sunlight and blue water. There had been two other trips to New York and then the war, as they both knew it must, had come between them.

Well, that was seven years ago now. Seven years, with time dripping down out of the glass, his life running away as a thin strand of sand, and loneliness seeping into him like a cold fog. Maybe this was just the time for the return to Nora.

He parked the car beneath the awning of elms and sat for a moment before getting out. He felt suddenly nervous, like a kid on his first date. Women stretched behind him in a long line, their faces and bodies running into each other's, their names just one long unintelligible babble, their voices the same anonymous murmur, but Nora could have been the first. A lot of corn had been written and sung about absence making the heart grow fonder, but the fact remained that she was still the clearest of all in his memory. And suddenly he wanted to see her very much. The door was opened almost before his thumb was off the buzzer. Seeing her there against the light, he knew she hadn't changed; her vitality and gaiety were evident even in her silhouette.

" You don't look a day older," he said. " Did they quick-freeze you the day I went away ? "

" That 's the first complaint I 've had about any frigidity." The light fell on her face and he knew she wasn't Nora. " You must be Jack Bradley. Nora couldn't make it. She asked me to look after you."

" So you 're Pat," he said. " Anyone ever tell you you could pass for sisters ? "

" Only our mother. But her eyes aren't so good."

" Yours are all right."

" You 'd better come in off the doorstep if you 're going to make love to me."

" Delighted."

She was Nora seven years ago : the dark hair swinging to writhe with blue lights, all her face, the eyes, the mouth, the quick lift of her chin as she laughed, alive as a tumbling cascade. It was like stepping back through time.

" Mother 's upstate visiting her sister. And Nora had to work. They have a new show opening Thursday night. You know she still works for Claude Norton ? "

" Yes, I rang her at his office to-day. Then they put me on to the theatre."

" Then she probably told you about the play. It 's not so good. They 're giving it some transfusions, hoping it 'll stand up. Draining out the blood of the original author and putting in new stuff."

" What time does she expect to be home ? "

She shrugged, and another memory winked in his mind, like a bulb that had suddenly found new current. " Lord knows. She is likely to be there till to-morrow morning."

" H'm." He looked about the comfortable room, then back at her. She obviously wasn't dressed for comfort. " Am I keeping you ? Are you on your way out ? "

" Not unless you ask me." She smiled, a vivid red and white flash. " I 'll tell you, Jack. I 'm the world's worst cook. Nora was going to cook dinner. If we stay home, we eat frankfurters. You hungry ? "

" Yes. Are you ? "

" Don't go away. I 'll get my coat."

He told her about himself as they drove back to Manhattan. The war, then four years as the Far East correspondent of his paper, and now here in New York for a two-year stint before going home to London.

" And how do you get by when strange men aren't feeding you ? " he said.

" I 'm a model," she said. " Currently appearing in a sweater on the subway posters, telling the world I owe everything to Brannigan's Beer."

" How much do you owe them ? Take off your topcoat."

" Watch the red light, Mister," she said sweetly. " Our cops are sudden death on men who drive with only one eye on the road."

He sat down opposite her. " Well, I 'm glad you spoke. I looked at you when I first came in the door. Said to myself, ' There 's a good-looking girl. If Nora doesn't turn up, I 'll ask her to have dinner with me.' "

" Shall we get out and walk ? Then I can take that other eye off the road."

They ate at a small French place on Forty-eighth Street. It wasn't where he and Nora had eaten in the old days. He had discovered it since his arrival in New York this time, and he had intended bringing her here some time, knowing she would like it.

" I can't get over how alike you two are," he said.

" I don't know whether that 's an advantage. Every girl likes to be a little different." She played with her bracelet, exactly as Nora had done. " Anyhow, I don't know that I 'm so much like Nora. She 's quieter, for one thing."

" She must have changed."

" Well, it 's—how long is it since you saw her last ? "

" Seven years," he said.

" Well, I don't suppose I 'll be like I am now in another seven years. There must be some changes in a person."

" I suppose so." But you couldn't make changes in a memory; it might grow dim, but the features and the outline never basically altered. " You always have to think twice to notice any change in yourself."

" Have *you* changed ? "

" I haven't thought twice about it."

They went down to a tavern in Greenwich Village and listened to the call of the wild coming from a silver trumpet ; they parked the car and rode through Central Park in a hack, their hands clasped beneath the heavy rug ; and, finally, they

drove home through a cool, clear night to the quiet street where the elms broke the moonlight into patterns of blue light and blackness.

Pat looked at the dark house. "Nora 's either in bed or not home. You want to come in ? "

Something made him say : "I don't think so. I 'll call her to-morrow."

"Well, thanks for a lovely night," she said, then laughed. "I haven't had so many laughs in ages. You 're really fun, Jack."

She laughed again at something remembered from the night, and while she was laughing he leaned across and kissed her open mouth. The laugh cut off and she yielded as his arms went round her.

The cab came up the street, its lights dispelling the moonlight, and drew in behind them.

"That 'll be Nora," Pat said. "You 'd better wipe off the lipstick."

But it wasn't Nora, just the people next door, and he drove home with a sense of guilt troubling him, as if he had been unfaithful. And yet he knew there had been something right about his wanting to kiss Pat. It had been as natural and right as the first time he had kissed Nora.

Next morning, just before lunch, Nora called him. "I 'm sorry about last night, Jack. It was just one of those things. I didn't get home till three-thirty. I 'm still in bed."

"How 's it going ? "

"The play ? I don't know. I don't think any of us do. We 're so much in the middle of it, we can't see it objectively. Our eyes are crossed and so are our fingers."

"Do you have to work to-night ? Meet me for dinner at——" The name of the restaurant came glibly ; he had meant to take her there in the first place, anyway. But he found himself wishing he could have thought of somewhere else. A thousand restaurants in New York, and all he could remember was one on Forty - eighth Street. "See you at half-past six."

"Ah, that broad A," she sighed. "It 'll be like going out with Laurence Olivier."

"The resemblance is purely one of pronunciation."

"Well, I 'll bear up. I 'm old enough now to know you can't have everything."

The memory of her almost made him overlook her. He paused just inside the doorway of the restaurant and looked about him. He had looked around the room twice before she spoke, almost at his elbow.

"What 's the matter ? Should I have carried a banner or worn ostrich plumes in my hair ? "

He sat down opposite her. "Well, I 'm glad you spoke. I looked at you when I first came in the door. Said to myself, 'There 's a good-looking girl. If Nora doesn't turn up, I 'll ask *her* to have dinner with me.' "

"Are you complimenting me or trying to get rid of me ? " Then she smiled, *that* hadn't changed, and put her hand on his. "It 's good to see you, Jack ! Really good."

She was in grey jersey and against it her summer tan was warm and exciting. He looked at the deep, dark eyes, the smooth hair with the faintest sheen of grey, and the bright invitation of her mouth, and

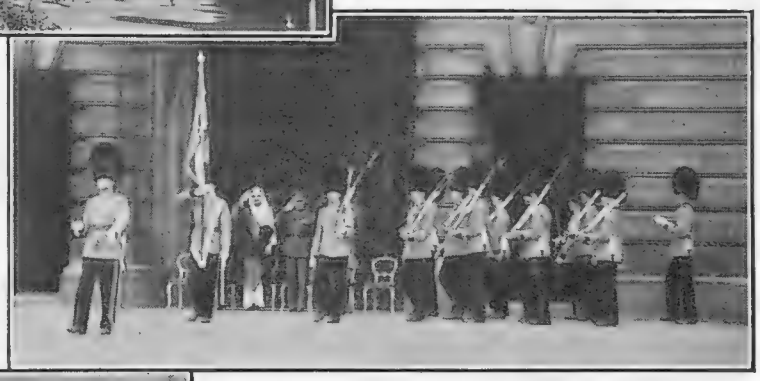
(*Continued on page 72*)

The cab door slammed and then Nora was peering in at them. "Oh, hello," she said. "I wondered if it were you. Had a nice time?"

Our Visitors Keep To Their Own

Map Of Britain

By Gordon Beckles



Visitors of all nations still usually make the routine tour of the traditional sights. These are four "musts" (*at top of page*) The Tower of London; (*above*) WestminsterAbbey; (*on right*) The Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace; (*below*) Canterbury Cathedral

WHAT do our overseas visitors really come to see in Britain? The progressive and modern nation which the Festival organizers would have us believe—or that part of Britain which has scarcely changed for centuries?

Despite all the attempts to present to the world an up-to-date face, it does seem as if the average tourist—no matter from where he comes—still refuses to alter his conception of the Britain he wants to find.

This may well be because most visitors hail from countries superficially more modern than ours. They come as fugitives from "progress" and the harsh noisiness of the synthetic age. They come seeking the security of tradition.

Or so it would certainly seem after some many talks I have had with visitors this summer, and with such experts as the advisers of the Travel Association.

It all started by a chance chat with the hall-porter of a big London hotel. I asked him what visitors were coming to see—the Festival shows or were they still sticking to the Tower of London?

He said: "I should say that the question I am asked most often is: 'Where can we find the curiosity shops?' They are all anxious to buy old things—silver, furniture, pictures and what-nots."

So I started my list of what people come to Britain for by putting down:

1. *They come to buy antiques of all kinds.*

I found that in 1950 some £2,209,000 of *objets d'art* left this country, £1,650,000 of which went to the United States. This is a rise from £1,630,000 in 1948 (£1,150,000 to the U.S.) and from £465,000 (£362,000 to the U.S.) in 1938.

One wonders just how long this drain on antiques can survive. There is, of course, a check on exports. A licence is required for any article made more than seventy-five years ago, and for anything containing more than twenty-five per cent of silver or gold. Nothing officially classed as a "work of art" can leave the country without permission of a Government advisory commission.

I went to a sale at Christie's. Two constant bidders for silver were from Houston, Texas, and Concord, Massachusetts. The latter buyer, it appeared, thought he could trace his own family crest on some of the silver and was delighted. His freely expressed pride in having a family background in Britain led me to another of the things which attract visitors.

2. *They come to visit their parent towns.*

There are over one hundred cities and towns in the United Kingdom which have given their name to others overseas. There are six "Warwicks" in U.S.A. alone! All the way from Brighton to Perth and Inverness, by way of Boston and Peterborough, there are names instantly familiar to visitors.

They come from three "Oxfords," four "Norwiches," thirteen "Cambridges"—to pick at random—to see what the "old home town" looks like. They seldom seem disappointed.

3. *Americans, in particular, satisfy their historical sense by tracing American history in Britain.*

The "American map" of Britain (quite apart from the recent war) is far bigger than I dreamed. It starts with the Declaration of Independence—four of its signatories were Scotsmen (incidentally, five Presidents have been of Scottish descent: Messrs. Monroe, Grant, Hayes, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson; while two—McKinley and Andrew Jackson came from Ulster.)

Whether you go north, south, east or west you can come on American associations. Yale University? Elihu Yale is buried at Wrexham. Harvard University? John Harvard was a Southwark man who was sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. There are at least three family houses of the Washington family—in Durham, in Northamptonshire and near Banbury. The first President's grandmother was buried at Whitehaven.

Such memories as these stir the average visitor from North America rather more than the shortage of ice-water, the absence of porterhouse steaks or an occasional lack of Scotch for his "highball." And one must not imagine that only the intellectual comes on pilgrimages like these; many a tough, rainbow-tied baron from the Middle West dutifully pays a call at his family's birthplace.

4. *Visitors of all nations still usually make the routine tour of the traditional sights.*

These are the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace and nearly (*Continued on page* 66)

Crofters' houses at Rackwick. Electricity will eventually reach the remotest of mountain homes in the Highlands

A SUBSTANTIAL flow of power now passes through the Highland Grid of Scotland, a vast £100,000,000 network of power plant that will eventually supply electric light and power to every town, village, farm, factory, home and croft in northern Scotland, feeding its surplus to the Lowlands, and perhaps even to industrial North England and beyond.

For centuries Highlanders have lived their lives in a primitiveness scarcely in advance of the Stuart pattern. In search of better things the population drained away, men went south, many emigrated, taking their families with them. The lines of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" fitted almost every Highland hamlet. And Gairloch was typical. The whole parish could produce only thirty men of military age in 1939, yet over 120 had enlisted in the Seaforths from this Ross-shire parish in one day in 1914.

Now electrification is bringing the emigrés back again, and the programme of Highland development closely knit with it is rescuing the glensfolk from slow stagnation to a standard of living long enjoyed by the luckier residents of urban and industrial regions. On a recent business-cum-pleasure tour of Scotland I found evidence of this progress all over the Highlands. It is most noticeable, of course, in those isolated mountain homes into which electricity has walked at long last to exchange all the old paraphernalia of ancestral drudgery for the panoply of modern housekeeping. In one year the fairy godmother brought to 20,000 Highland homes the thrills of domestic cookers, electric irons and kettles, immersion heaters, refrigerators, and even washing machines, which are still something of a rarity at the centres of population.

As development proceeds, it will give Highlanders not only

(*On left*) Loch Faskally. The new loch created in the valley of the River Tummel by the Pitlochry Dam has added new beauty to the valley and provided boating and fishing for tourists.

(*Centre*) The fish ladder which enables salmon to surmount a 60-ft. dam on their way to the spawning beds

(*On right*) The Pitlochry Dam and Power Station. In the foreground is part of the 880-ft. fish pass

A New Deal for the Glensfolk

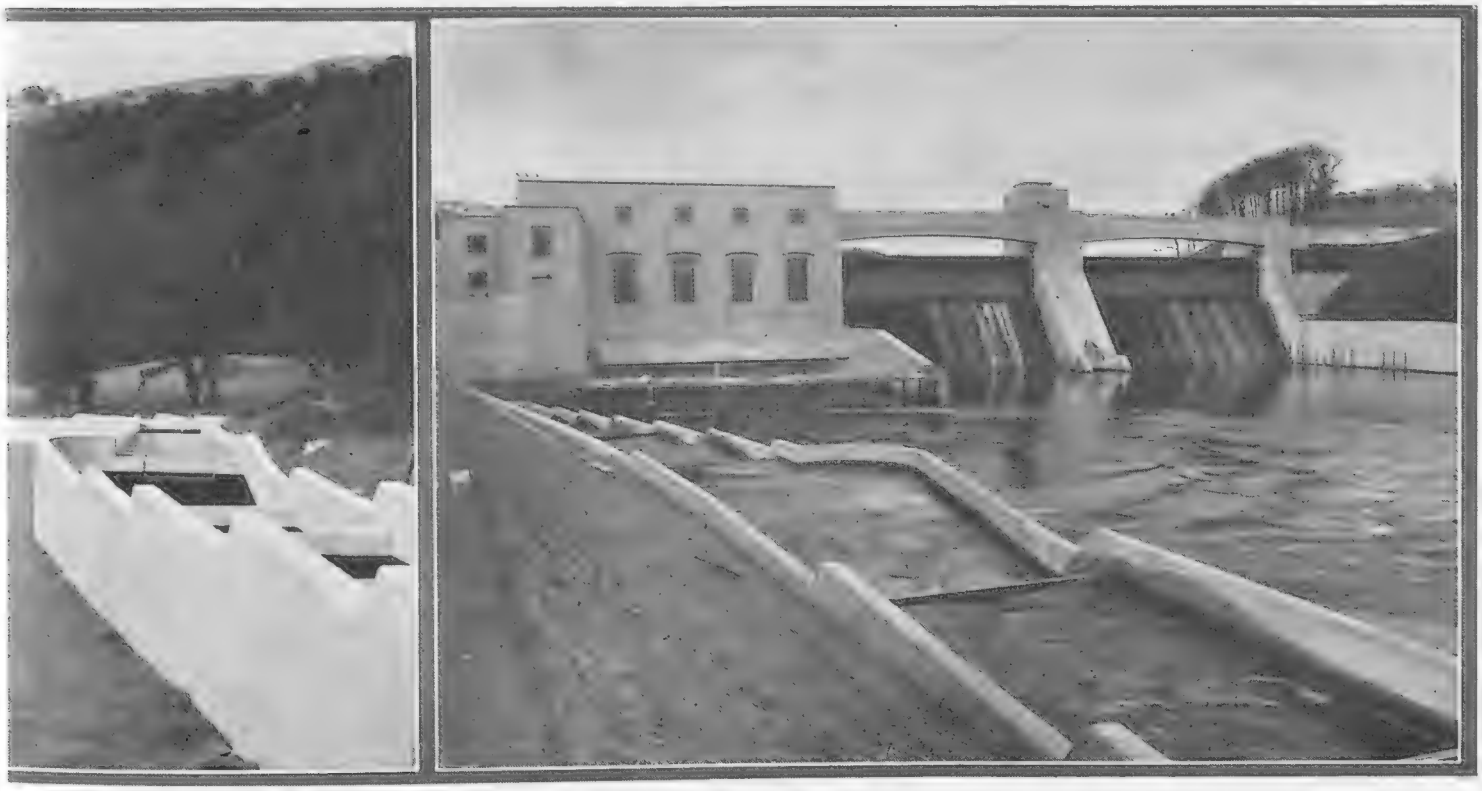
By Martin Thornhill

Giant pylons stud the length of Glen Sloy to carry power from the switching station to Glen Shira

better-appointed houses, but more of them, and better incomes, improved roads, drainage, water and transport, modern farming methods, speedier and more efficient marketing, and light industries. All Highland communities will have at least some of the electrical advantages of urban life. Slowly bright electric street lights are appearing in villages where only the moon had relieved the black-out, and cinema shows are being billed in village halls. Instead of the long, often difficult, journey which has separated a patient from an X-ray examination, X-ray and electro-therapy apparatus should soon be locally available to every Highland doctor.

You cannot now travel far in northern Scotland without meeting some evidence of the scattered assembly of apparatus which is bringing all this about. While all the rest of the country submits to electricity black-outs, the fortunate folk north of the Tay suffer no cuts at all. Territory south of a line running roughly from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Tay is served by the British Electricity Authority, whose supplies are based on coal fuel. Consumers north of this line are the responsibility of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. This undertaking relies solely on water power, and it is available in such quantities that the Scottish Authority, with the northern instinct for lawful thumbscrews calculated to benefit home interests, hopes to reduce the cost of supplying cheap electricity to its scattered crofts and hamlets by exporting its surplus power at coal-steam station prices to the less fortunate folk of the Lowlands and beyond.

At present there are nine projects under construction. Over 100 others are planned by the Board. The first-born was opened last year, and 4,000 people from all Scotland assembled to see the Queen pull the lever which switched on two of the four giant turbines on the banks of Loch Lomond, setting free the pent-up downpour from mountain torrents which will eventually feed an industrial area of west Scotland with enough electricity to equal half the daily needs of Glasgow. Sloy—its name is the centuries-old battle-cry of the Clan MacFarlane—typifies other schemes designed to confer the lasting boon of cheap electricity in isolated glens and villages. The Storr Lochs plan will take care of the needs of the whole of the island of Skye. The Glen Lussa project is linked with the scheme farther north at Glen Shira, near Inveraray, which harnesses the upper waters of the rivers Shira and Fyne, and creates two new lochs. Water from the higher flows through a generating station into the lower one, this being the (*Continued on page 76*)



Napoleon's Market *is on the* Way Out

Plans For Moving Les Halles—The Paris Central Markets—At No Distant Date Are Indicated

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Stacks of empty vegetable crates are stacked around the side-streets of Les Halles awaiting dispatch back to the farms

The Belly of Paris. That is what Parisians have called Les Halles at least since Victor Hugo, and a peculiarly apt appellation it is, in view of the astounding larder portrayed. Very many Parisians are nostalgic at the prospect of having their tummy moved, yet they know that only a major operation can restore their circulation. So they are resigned to seeing one of the last civic remainders of the Middle Ages—aye, of Caesar's Gaul—removed to the city's edge.

Not that there is anything architectural even vaguely as old as either, about Les Halles. The present market was Napoleon's conception (what a man, off the battlefield, as on it!). As a thin, sallow subaltern of artillery, he lived in one of the dirty market streets and was awakened each dawn by the screaming

In the meat section of Les Halles. The porters, the strong men of the market, must carry a load of 400 lb. of meat on his back for 100 metres to get a licence

BOTH London and Paris are having Central Market trouble. Both Covent Garden and Les Halles have become incompatible with the exigencies of daily life in two capitals of mounting millions. No longer can they meet the demands made upon them. Expansion is out of the question—already they stand freakishly in the way of that even traffic flow which an enfevered Metropolis must seek. Moving scenes are indicated in each at no distant date.

Eminently timely, therefore, should be the Technicolor feature film, *Covent Garden,* upon which Mr. Anthony Asquith is working. In it, he will unite the market and the Royal Opera House in the persons of a porter who becomes an opera star, and Miss Petula Clark, singing her own way through (the porter may have to hear someone else singing for him).

Were the same idea to be transferred to Paris, it would work out as one of *les forts,* the meat carriers, the strongest men in France, falling for the leading lady at the neighbouring Châtelet, and if she were at all like Annie in search of her *fusil* (the last show I saw at that house), he'd be lucky.

Meanwhile, I do hope Mr. Asquith finds room for one of those vegetable carts toppling with baskets fifteen feet high, which used to take eight hours coming in from Hounslow, and not infrequently did the last, 2 a.m., Piccadilly stretch to the accompaniment of cheers from the pavement. Perhaps he might have a flashback. Sitting on top of one was a swaying business; coming upon one, in a car, in a fog, a sobering one.

There could be but one name for the French film, and you may put your fingers to your ears, if you like, but it's got to go:

A typical street vendor of Les Halles. He sells belts, braces and odds and ends to people in the market

below. Having burnt the midnight oil, studying, it annoyed him considerably.

So it stuck in his mind, and when he became Emperor of the French, he supervised plans for a great set of covered sheds that would substitute some order and hygiene for the insanitary confusion that used to boil beneath his bedroom window in 1789. These are the self-same sheds which are now being given the executioner's run-over, though funds were not found for them until another Bonaparte, Louis-Napoleon, executed his uncle's plan exactly a century ago.

As for the start, the origin, of Les Halles, none can say when; only that merchants were selling in this heart of Old Paris as far back as any record tells. It may be that the Ancient Britons had something to do with it; for the "furthest back" notion precisely concerns Caesar's construction of a Roman road north out of Lutetia to invade Britain. It crossed the river hard-by where stands Notre Dame, and merchants used to collect at this point to sell food to the Legions. But enough of history; (*Continued on page 55*)

THE maid went to call him one morning, found the window unlatched and the balcony rail broken. What was left of Mason was among the rocks, fifty feet below

Murder By Jury

Did Edward Mason Kill His Wife Freda And Get Away With It?

By Michael Gilbert

"POSSIBLY you could describe the snake," said Counsel.

"Certainly. It was grey, with a mottling of red. Not crimson, darker than that. A sort of plum-coloured red."

"Yes."

"The underbelly, which was towards me, as it reared its head to strike, was also grey, but lighter. Toning down almost to white in the centre."

"Was there anything else about it?"

"Yes. Its size. It was as thick as two of my wrists together."

"I see. What happened next?"

"I seized it, just below its head, with both my hands together. My hands were turned inwards. I squeezed with my fingers and dug in my thumbs, and I felt the snake twist and squirm and flog its head from side to side as it tried to escape."

"And then?"

"Then I woke up. I was kneeling beside the bed. It was my wife's neck which was between my hands and her throat that I was squeezing. She was dead."

"That's an extract," said Chief Inspector Hazlerigg, "from the examination of Edward Mason, on trial for the murder of his wife, Freda Mason. In my studied opinion he was one of the most thoughtful, cold-blooded, successful murderers we ever failed to hang."

"I read about it," I said.

"He got a lot of publicity," agreed Hazlerigg. "Acquitted murderers always do. It was my case, you know. And I can see, now, that I was out-manoeuvred from start to finish. In the very end, of course—however. . . ."

THE case really started at six o'clock in the morning in the Caledonian Hotel at Chaffham-on-Sea, a small health resort on the Norfolk coast.

It started with a succession of loud screams from a bedroom on the first floor. "Horrible and unforgettable," was how one witness described them.

The manager jumped from his bed, and, with one of the servants and two other guests, ran along to the room. The door was opened by Mr. Mason, who was apparently in a state of breakdown. He was in pyjamas, dishevelled and wild-looking, the pyjama jacket being torn. He kept staring at his hands and the only words he spoke, according to different accounts, were "I killed her," or "I strangled her."

The manager forced his way past, into the room, and found Mrs. Mason's body lying half out of the bed. He sent for the police and a doctor.

When Mr. Mason was fit to talk he made a statement, and at no time afterwards did he substantially vary this statement at all. He said that he had had a dream. He was fighting with a large snake. He took the snake in his hands and throttled it. He woke up and found that he had strangled his wife. The dream was one which he had had before, but

never with fatal results.

He added, "that he had loved his wife very dearly."

The local police could make nothing of this. Mr. Mason was not a local man. The fact that he had happened to kill his wife whilst staying at Chaffham was, they implied, entirely fortuitous. They handed the matter over, with some relief, to London and the case was given to Inspector Hazlerigg for consideration. A coroner's jury returned a quite unhelpful open verdict.

HAZLERIGG disliked the case from the first. The essential information, as he appreciated, was locked up inside Mr. Mason's mind and provided he kept his head under cross-examination it was never going to be unlocked.

"The way I look at it is this," said Hazlerigg—he was holding an off-the-record discussion with the Director of Public Prosecutions—"Supposing we had one of those hidden witnesses you read about—I've never struck one personally, but you know the sort of chap I mean—he's up on a cliff with a telescope and he happens to be looking in at the bedroom window. He sees Mason get out of bed, walk round, bend over the bed and strangle his wife. So what? What does it prove? How are we to know if Mason was sleep walking, or if he had all his wits about him?"

"I agree," said the Director of Public Prosecutions. "As it stands at the moment there's much less than a fifty-fifty chance of a conviction. If anything else turns up, well, we'll have to think again."

The next thing that turned up was Mrs. Mason's brother, Hector. He was a great big, hefty person, with a bull neck and hands like a pair of warming pans covered with red fur.

He said : "Did the police know that Mason had insured his wife's life for ten thousand pounds?"

Hazlerigg said "Yes. That did come to light. In fact they had both insured each other's lives—not an uncommon arrangement with married people. Also the insurance was by no means recent. It was first taken out when they married and had been successively increased. The last increase—a big one, it was true, from five to ten thousand—had been made more than three years ago."

"If you'd known Ted Mason as I did," said the brother, "you'd have realized that that was just like him. A far-seeing, cold-blooded fish. And another thing—that business about loving his wife was the most arrant flap-jack. The two of them were hardly on speaking terms."

"Can you bring evidence of that?"

"Certainly," said brother Hector. "And one thing more. There was another woman." He gave details.

"The fact of the killing's undenied," went on the brother. "There's your motive. If you don't prosecute I'll raise such merry hell in the Press that you'll find a new Commissioner at Scotland Yard before the year's out."

"I don't think the threat moved us much," said Hazlerigg. "Our hides are so thick, that little private darts like that don't stick. But when we put the new facts up to the D.P.P. he came down on the side of prosecution. Indeed, it might be said that in fairness to Mason himself we could hardly *not* prosecute. The thing had to be cleared up.

"I may say straight away that the evidence about the other woman turned out to be quite inconclusive. The brother swore that she was Mason's mistress. She swore that she had never even seen him.

"Macrea was defending when the case came up at the Central Criminal Court, and my goodness, his handling of that brother

MR. MASON was in pyjamas, dishevelled and wild looking, the pyjama jacket being torn. He kept staring at his hands

was masterly. He went into the box looking like a cross between Bulldog Drummond and the Archangel Gabriel and when he came out there was hardly enough left of him to cover a sixpence.

"Macrea took the obvious line, that Hector was a nasty minded, prurient busybody, who had never liked his brother-in-law and had never lost any opportunity of blackening his character. How did he know about these alleged passages between his brother-in-law and this other woman? Had he been hiding behind the curtains? Or under the bed? And so on. The art of the thing was the way he got the chap admitting to the most absurd prejudices—he convicted him time and time again out of his own mouth.

"Nevertheless, making a fool out of a witness is a two-edged weapon, and when the prosecution closed I could see what was in the jury's mind as clearly as if they had said it out loud.

"'This chap Hector may be a fool,' they were thinking. 'He didn't show up too well in the box. But that doesn't mean that everything he said is untrue. There's no smoke without a fire. And there have been one or two other witnesses who gave evidence that things were not entirely happy between Mr. and Mrs. Mason. No open quarrels, but, of course, if Mason is the deep-dyed villain the prosecution are making him out to be, he would have taken good care to avoid open quarrels. Perhaps it isn't true about the other woman—we didn't much like that part of the evidence. But you can't argue away the insurance. Mason does stand to collect ten thousand pounds. If he *didn't* murder her, then undeniably she died as the result of an accident, and the insurance company will have to pay up and look pretty. That's not disputed. But *did* he murder her? That's the simple point. Really when you get down to it, most of the evidence is practically irrelevant. That's the question we've got to answer. We are rather inclined to think that he may have done, but that, of course, is not enough. We'll have to wait and see how he shapes in the box."

Mason made an excellent witness.

He avoided the prime fault of a prisoner who gives evidence in his own defence—he didn't protest too much.

He admitted small quarrels between himself and his wife. Married life, he said, was like that. You had differences of opinion and you made them up. The jury liked that. A lot of them were married themselves.

He dealt fully with the question of life insurance. The total amount of the benefit, he said, depended on the premiums you could afford to pay. When he was beginning in business, and his earnings were increasing slowly, he had added gradually to the annual premium. Three or four years ago he had made rather large profits and had been able to double the premium. In recent troublesome times his earnings had dropped—he was an importer—and he had not therefore been able to add to the premiums at all. He had not reduced them, because that would have been uneconomical.

("You notice incidentally," said Hazlerigg, "how neatly he gave them a point and then took it away again. The prosecution would certainly have elicited, in cross examination, that he had recently been losing money and this would have constituted an extra motive for murder. By announcing the fact in advance he robbed it of half its sting.")

He denied flatly ever having seen or spoken to the other woman in the case.

Of the events which led up to the strangling of his wife he spoke almost objectively, without any undue display of emotion. He was always ready to give the fullest and most careful details and he never contradicted himself. And even so he avoided sounding too pat. He would remember some extra detail when questioned, or introduce some unimportant point, confessing that he had forgotten about it before. I read you a bit of his evidence just now. It was all like that. If it was lying, people couldn't help feeling that it was some of the most perfect and painstaking lying they had ever heard.

Even so, you could see that the jury were still not quite happy about it.

Juries go further by instinct than people think. And as every additional fact pointed the other way, their instincts only told them more clearly that the man in the dock was a dangerous man. Had they been forced to put their feelings into words the only sort of argument they could have put up was something like this: "The facts show that he did strangle her. He is plainly a quiet, controlled sort of person—not, on the face of it, very likely to have nightmares and to run amok. We would like some positive evidence that what he says is true. That he did it in his sleep."

Looking back on it, in the light of after-knowledge, one can see that this was precisely the point which Mason wished them to reach. The timing of his defence was admirable. Having erected this thin screen of doubt he proceeded to demolish it.

The next witness was his sister.

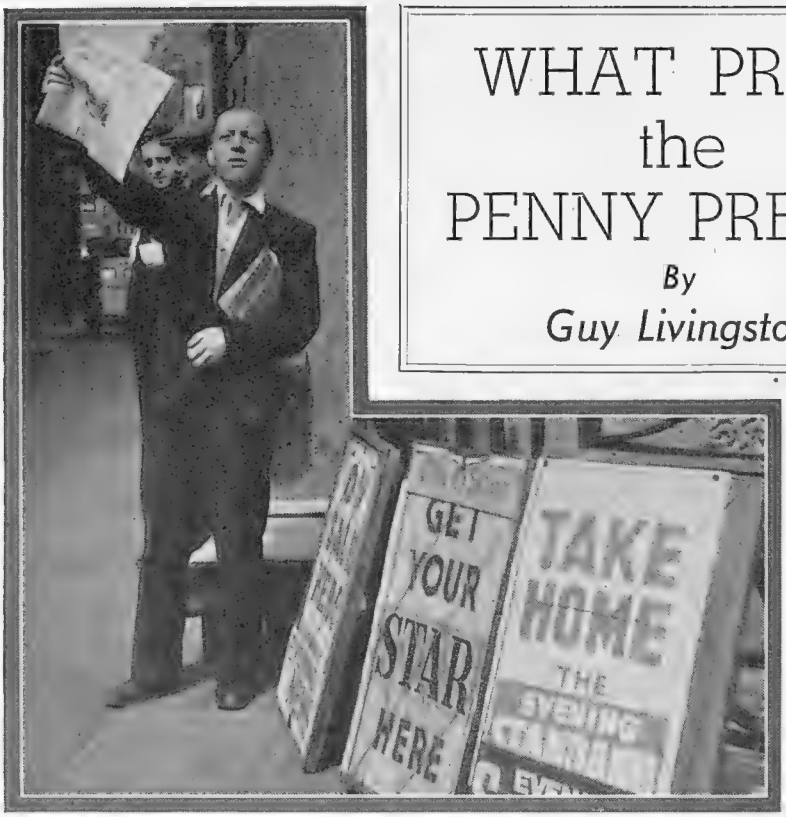
She was two years older than he was. A grey-haired woman, a middle-class intellectual and a good witness.

She started by recalling when she had slept with her brother—at a time when such a practice was respectable and indeed normal, their ages being ten and eight respectively.

She remembered very well the night when her brother had had a dream and had tried to strangle her. She did not think that the dream, on that occasion, had been about a snake. So far as she recollected the incident it had occurred on the night after they had visited a matinée performance of Peter Pan. Her brother had been very alarmed by the crocodile in the last act but one—the jury would probably remember it—and he had dreamed that the crocodile was chasing him. He had turned on her and got a good grip of her throat. (*Continued on page 70*)

WHAT PRICE the PENNY PRESS?

By *Guy Livingston*



No longer will the penny buy your evening paper from the newsvendor

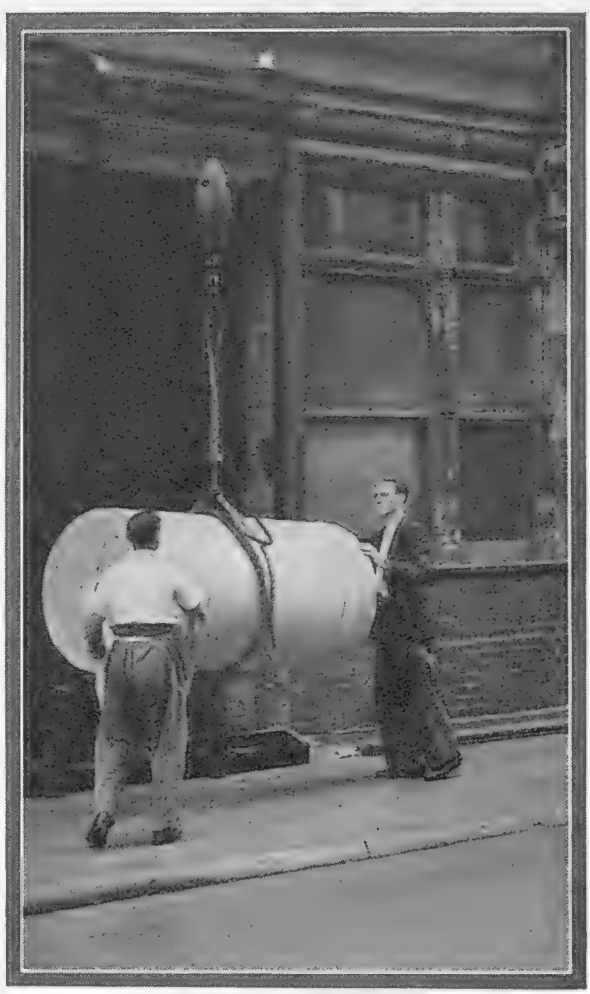
USED as we may be to the shrinking value of our pounds and shillings, inflation at the bottom end of the scale has a way of catching us bending; as, for instance, when we suddenly find that the humble copper can no longer buy a traditional pennyworth. Already off the penny standard have come Tommy's lollipop, the cheapest bus fare, the stamp for printed matter. And now to join these goes the daily paper.

A penny for the popular daily that drops on the mat in the morning or is snatched from the man on the corner in the evening is a sum that seems so right, so roundly fitting, that we forget that the price for many of these was once a halfpenny. Three-halfpence, on the other hand, whatever its justification economically, is so awkward, for a paper as well as for all the other things that used to cost a penny, that something might be said for the minting of a three-halfpenny piece.

IT has been held that for a nation's newspapers to be freed and effective they must conform to certain conditions: they must be printed (i.e., produced rapidly in large enough numbers), they must be free from censorship and high taxation, they must be capable of proper distribution, and the population must be sufficiently educated to read them. In view of what is happening to-day, a fifth proviso should be added: they should be assured of a plentiful supply of the raw material without which they could not exist—newsprint.

For now in the mid-twentieth century, nearly five hundred years since the invention of printing in this country, and after all the other conditions as regards freedom both political and fiscal, transport, and readership, have been satisfied, we are in the ironic position of not having enough paper on which to print our news.

At £60 a ton, newsprint is now costing British newspapers six times what it did in 1939. And this summer the price may well rise still higher. The reason? Allegedly the Government cancellation of Canadian newsprint contracts and our consequent reliance on Scandinavia—which, as a supplier to both Britain and other countries, now holds a virtual monopoly and can thus fix the price—for pulp as well as newsprint.



At £60 a ton newsprint is now costing British newspapers six times what it did in 1939, and the price may well rise still higher

What this price-increase means to the dailies can be seen in the swollen budgets of two of them: the *Daily Telegraph* (circulation over 1,000,000 copies) will henceforth pay £420,000 per annum more for its newsprint, and the *Daily Express* (circulation well over 4,000,000) is now paying £1,200,000 more than a year ago. And other papers are, of course, affected proportionately.

But even at 1½d., the popular papers are still a pretty cheap commodity, as are *The Times* at 3d., and the *Daily Telegraph* at 2d. In 1815 *The Times*, the only paper of to-day that goes back more than 100 years, cost its august readers 7d., a peak price which came down in the present century to a mere 2d. And when it started in 1846 the *Daily News* (a forerunner of to-day's *News Chronicle*) was 5d. a copy. But that was while the crippling "taxes on knowledge" were still flourishing.

These imposts were three in number; a stamp duty, a paper duty and an advertisement tax, an ill-conceived trio that made any sort of cheap popular press (even if there had been an educated public to read it) impossible.

When the stamp duty, charging ½d. on a half-sheet of paper, was founded in 1712, it drove many old-established periodicals, including the *Spectator*, out of business.

Nevertheless, it steadily increased until in 1815 it was charging 4d.; and from then on it declined until its abolition in 1855, but not before it had forced *The Times* and most other papers up to 7d. and kept down their circulations to a few thousands.

The newspaper men of 1712 must have had hard things to say of the Government (which, in its turn, must have heartily disliked or feared newspaper men) for in that year, too, the advertisement tax was imposed. In its time it levied anything up to 3s. 6d. on each advertisement appearing in any weekly or daily and it disappeared in 1853, two years before the stamp duty. Nine years later, the paper duty, which had taxed paper anything from 1½d. to 3d., according to its quality, followed the other two into oblivion.

THE removal of this restrictive trio of taxes brought the day of the cheap popular Press much nearer. The railways necessary to distribute it were growing apace, and by 1880 there were 18,000 miles of them in Great Britain. And when free education arrived in 1891 the stage was set for the mass-circulation newspapers as we know them to-day.

But, as a matter of fact, Victorians had been able to get a penny daily for nearly forty years before free education so vastly increased the reading public. Since 1855 the *Daily Telegraph*, under the control of Joseph Levy, and later of his son, Lord Burnham, had been selling for a mere copper; and this paper can therefore claim to be the pioneer among Britain's penny newspapers.

But 1900 was the era not of the penny but of the halfpenny paper. First came the *Morning Leader*, founded in 1892; and it was followed four years later by Alfred Harmsworth's *Daily Mail*, which already by 1900 had a circulation of 1,000,000. For the same price appeared the *Daily Express* (*Continued on page 55*)

Florence and Richard met often. Sometimes in London and at Embley, her father's country house, where he had been invited by Mrs. Nightingale.

A Romance That Never Flowered

The Love Story Of Florence Nightingale And Richard Monckton Milnes

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

AROUND the name of Florence Nightingale has grown a famous legend. It portrays her as the Lady of the Lamp, the compassionate healer of the Crimea, the brilliant organiser, the indomitable fighter for the well-being of the sick. And this history-book picture of her is so vivid that it almost obscures the other picture—that of Florence Nightingale, the woman of tender and romantic passion.

When Florence Nightingale left London for Scutari on that October day in 1854 she cut irrevocably adrift from the cloistered easy existence that had seemed marked out for her from her birth. But that was not all she did. By her courageous and self-denying decision to devote her life to nursing, she justified the drastic step she had taken five years before, when she put behind her all thoughts of marriage and renounced the man she loved.

But she allowed herself, on that trying and tedious journey eastwards and amid the squalors of the Turkish hospitals, one small concession to sentiment, one little memento of what might have been. Among her scant personal possessions she carried a letter, received just before she started on her voyage.

"My Dear Friend," it ran, "I hear you are going to the East. I am happy it is so, for the good you will do there and the hope that you may find some satisfaction in it yourself. I cannot forget how you went to the East once before, and here I am writing quietly to you about what you are going to do now. You can undertake *that* when you could not undertake me. God bless you, dear Friend, wherever you go. RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES."

These few lines were the gentle epitaph to a love-affair that had racked Florence with unhappiness and almost overwhelmed her with agony of heart. For Richard Monckton Milnes the pangs of disappointment had healed, and he had since married another girl. But for her—though she had put love from her life—did not the familiar writing recall tender memories of days spent with him in London or on the cedar-shaded lawns of her father's house in Hampshire?

Florence Nightingale and Richard Monckton Milnes had first met in 1842 at a dinner-party given by Lady Palmerston. She was twenty-two and he was eleven years older. No doubt

By her courageous and self-denying decision to devote her life to nursing, she justified the drastic step she had taken five years before, when she put behind her all thoughts of marriage and renounced the man she loved.

she was a little dazzled by him, for he had all the social graces, he was witty, well-read, amusing and agreeable, and he knew everybody. Poet and budding politician, he had the entrée to Holland House and the other great salons, and his breakfast parties in his Pall Mall rooms were famous.

"Conceive the man," wrote Carlyle to Emerson of him in 1840, "a most bland, smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianised little man, who has long, olive blond hair, a dimple, next to no chin, and flings his arms round your neck when he addresses you in polite society." A strange personality, perhaps, to twentieth-century eyes, but Monckton Milnes, companionable, zestful and effusive, was one of the most popular figures in early Victorian society.

And Florence, how did she appear to him at that chandelier-lit London dinner-table? She was unquestionably a very attractive girl, tall and slight, grey-eyed, brown-haired, delicate-complexioned, with a sweet smile that displayed beautiful teeth. As she listened, seriously perhaps, to his witty talk that evening, he found her a pretty and disturbing creature. So much so that when Mrs. Nightingale invited him to Embley, their Hampshire country house, a few days later, he readily accepted; and again she listened enthralled as he talked engagingly of the writer George Sand, whom he had recently met in Paris.

After that, Florence and Richard met often. That summer of 1842, he came frequently to Embley, and in a few months he had, in that easy, friendly way of his, grown intimate with the whole Nightingale family.

But while he was falling in love with Florence, she was not, in those early days, in love with him. Hers was a complex nature, combining passion and mysticism, reflectiveness and great strength of will, and already she felt within her the promptings towards some higher mission, some destiny of which she was still uncertain. She was beginning to feel unfulfilled, to be restless and dissatisfied with the comfortable and sheltered life she led, with the social round in which she moved—even with the splendours of a place like Chatsworth, where she and her family had recently been invited to stay—and with the friends she met. The misery and poverty of vast numbers of people at that time—these were the days of the hungry 'forties—affected her deeply and made her unresponsive to the love of such an elegant young man as Richard.

And yet she was attracted by some qualities in him. His interest in philanthropic work, for example, his efforts to improve the lot of juvenile offenders, his concern for the famine-stricken Irish—such traits in his character struck a sympathetic chord in her own heart.

The months passed by, in London, at Embley, and at Lea Hurst, the Nightingales' other country house in Derbyshire; and their intimacy ripened, for they had much in common. But on Florence's side there was a brake on anything deeper. How could it be otherwise after the realisation had come to her—as it did when she was about twenty-four—that her life's work was to be in nursing? But as her conviction of her destiny strengthened so did her interest in Richard, and thus she found herself torn by tragically conflicting desires.

Love or duty? That was the dilemma that was now beginning to possess her mind and cloud her life. She grew frustrated and introspective, and sometimes in her eagerness not to be trapped or tempted by the pleasant things of life she became afraid of Richard's sway over her feelings, and she felt her beloved Embley, with its flowers, its smooth lawns and venerable trees, to be a prison from which she must escape.

And yet, it seemed, she was drawn to see Richard (*Continued on page 76*)

Early in 1851 she met him at a reception of Lady Palmerston's. His greeting was, for a rejected suitor, curiously prosaic.

Modern forestry in North Wales. One of the Forestry Commission's collecting centres in a large forest in Merioneth. The mountain in the background is Cader Idris. (*Below*) A fine specimen stand of *thuya plicata*, the so-called red cedar of western North America, growing in Berkshire. These trees are thirty-eight years old and their average height is fifty-seven feet

The Forests' Changing Face

Why Foresters Now Grow Trees Instead Of Merely Letting Them Grow

By J. D. U. Ward

"A NATIONAL programme of forestry must not only pay; it must also please," said Lord Courthope at the last Imperial Forestry Conference. But our twentieth-century forests are displeasing many people, and there have been widespread complaints of their unattractive "new look." What is this new look in forestry, and why should a slow, ages-old business like tree-growing have a new fashion which does not please?

The new look may be summed up as straight trees, grown close together, and free of branches for half or more of their length. The trees are close together partly because the land must yield a full crop, but chiefly in order to discourage branches below the crown or upper part of the tree. Branches on the tree mean knots in the timber, and timbermen don't want knots. (An expert forester and timber merchant has written, "There are three main troubles: the first is knots, the second is knots, and the third is knots.")

Straight, knot-free timber of consistent quality is required for the mass-production by machinery of standard goods—whether rafters, window-frames, match-boarding, tool handles or what you will. The same principle holds good for timber used in the round, as for pitprops, scaffold poles or telegraph poles, for which last the highest quality is required.

Now, to produce standard quality timber, you want standard quality trees, and plantations of such trees are disliked because people find the individual trees lacking in variety and (*Continued on page* 56)

FATHER KNOWS BEST

A Short Story

By
Charles Lloyd-Jones

EUNICE BORDEN was coming into the Square by the little side-street where members of the County Club parked their cars. She was surprised to see Tom Logan's battered pre-war M.G. pulled in between the County Court Judge's old Daimler and Lord Bayston's jeep that was stacked with his wife's groceries and horse-meat for his boarding kennels.

Tom was in his car, ready to move, but, being Tom, he was not moving; he was talking. Twenty-five years ago, Eunice could just remember, Tom had always been able to discover a fresh line of chatter the moment he'd promised to start for bed, or school, or home to a meal. At thirty-five he was much the same, especially after a couple of drinks, and he had generally had a couple.

Eunice hesitated. Sally Patchett was resting her shopping basket on the bonnet of Tom's car and looking amused. Tom knew everybody; he was probably telling Sally how the Rural Dean had pulled a fast one on the Lord Lieutenant, or what one of his poacher friends was doing in the rabbit racket. Eunice was going to turn back when Sally saw her and waved. Eunice joined them and Tom greeted her with the look that always reminded her of a guilty, but ingratiating, small boy.

"My children have eaten all my rations," Sally said. "Shall I pinch Billy Bayston's margarine for them? He deserves to lose it."

"He knows it's safe," Tom said. "He could leave that stuff in the jeep all night. We're still very feudal."

"He's a nice Lord," Sally argued. "But parcel-pinchers wouldn't care about that."

"That's not it. People here still believe that if you pinch groceries from a Lord, or from anyone who knows the right chaps, he'll find out and he'll get back on you, even if he can't prove a thing. Play our rules or to hell with you. It's snobbish, but it works. Sorry girls, I promised a kid a lift home. Can't leave a red-head loitering opposite the police station."

He backed out and clattered away from a cloud of oily exhaust. He had not spoken directly to Eunice.

"They've never let him join the County Club?" Eunice said with practised coolness.

"Good Lord, no. He's been in to see his father."

They walked on, silent for a moment.

"Which means," Sally went on, "that Tom's in a worse jam than usual. Can't you see him trying to tackle the General at breakfast, and getting in a panic and putting it off till he's had some beer and father's had a good lunch at *(Continued on page 58)*

THE barrier between them seemed for the moment to be down, and she felt ashamed that she was deceiving him. She got behind him quickly so that he could not see her face, kissed the top of his head, and slipped away

English TREASURE HOUSE

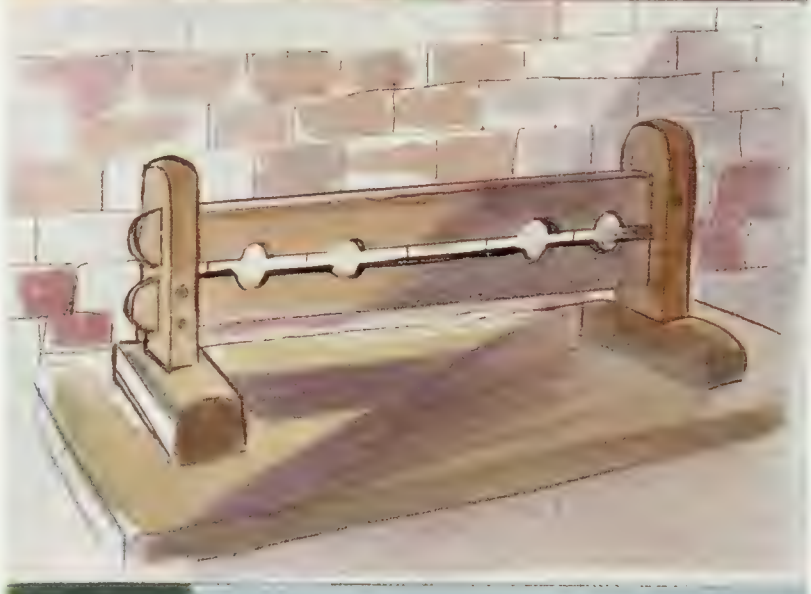
By Gwyneth Pennethorne

THE traveller through an unknown and picturesque village is often struck by the way in which the church stands above a huddle of cottages. A tall building of great dignity, it draws the eye, dominates the scene, and yet, perhaps set slightly apart among trees, seems slightly aloof and unmindful of the village life around it.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Should one stop and examine this building it will be found to be the repository of the history of its particular town or village. For the ancient church is not only a focal point for the eye, but was the veritable centre of all the activities of the parish.

Many of our parish churches are over a thousand years old. And from the day when the last stone was laid there has gradually been laid up in them a record of the doings of those who have worshipped within the walls.

There is a certain similarity in the design of ancient churches, but to one who knows, and a very little knowledge helps here, the age of a building is written fairly plainly. Of course, the foundations are frequently those of an older building, and there have been alterations and additions made to the structure during the centuries. But the study of an elementary (*Continued on page* 56)



(*At top of page*) Doorway of Clymping Church, Sussex, showing slots at side for drawbridge. (*Top right*) Horsham Church, Sussex. (*Above*) Portion of an alabaster tomb in Hambleden Church, near Henley-on-Thames. (*Centre*) Stocks in churchyard at Leonard Stanley, Gloucestershire. (*On right*) St. Agnes' Church (which has a thatched roof), Freshwater, Isle of Wight

Orca's Quest

The Adventures Of A Killer Whale That Aspired To Lead The Pack In The Antarctic

By William MacMillan

ORCA shot upward at terrific speed, smashing the ice with his head and nabbing a pair of fat birds before they could make their escape from the débris

ORCA expelled the vitiated air from his capacious lungs in ten-foot fountains of green, smoky vapour, and surfaced between a couple of battleship-sized icebergs with an urgent whoosh. He was a young killer whale bull, the *Orca gladiator* of the cold seas, and one of the most voracious of living creatures.

Designed for speed, everything about his 18-ton, 29-foot black-and-white body was sleek and streamlined, and the rakish set of his long topfin, coupled with the spectacular white slashes over his lidless eyes, gave him a wild, savage look that stamped him for what he was, a powerful, fast-moving sea-wolf with murder in his heart.

Could you have seen him there, looking like a polished black sliver against the bluish ice, and churning the water with quick, nervous strokes of his fluked tail, you would have found it hard to believe that he was part and parcel of the extensive and rather confused porpoise and dolphin family.

Unlike his more phlegmatic relations, who were content to take things as they came, Orca coveted power and leadership and was willing to risk his life in their pursuit. Conscious of the fact that nature, for some mysterious reason, had endowed him with more tonnage, speed and strength than his contemporaries, he had quartered vast stretches of the immense Ross Sea in search of a killer whale pack worthy of his talents.

Moving out from between the towering ice castles, his cold eyes lit up at sight of the killer whale exhalations everywhere about him, only to dim in disappointment at their puny size and volume. These dolphins were relatively small fry, unworthy of his attention. Giving his tail an angry twist, he churned away in the looping fashion peculiar to dolphins. Thwarted in his determination to find a worthwhile pack, he could at least do something about the hunger pains that tortured his insides.

Finding edible food in the vast reaches of a sea that had been frozen solid throughout the long winter months wasn't always easy, even for a hunter of the killer bull's skill, and, at the moment, nothing moved on ice or water.

Flat icepans, their dead white surfaces marked with the spidery tracings of seabirds' feet, came together with a loud crunching; lofty icebergs, some with gargoyle-shaped cornices, bowed and scraped to each other in solemn grandeur, and the air vibrated with muffled sounds as some distant ice castle, weary of lopsided architecture, dropped a twelve-story section into the sea.

Far to the south, where the mysterious Ross Iceshelf stretched into the hazy distance, small birds dipped and soared in swift, uneven flight. And high above them, looking for all the world like an

old-fashioned aeroplane, a white-breasted fulmar wheeled about the heavens on great, seven-foot wings.

Orca had no interest in flying birds; they inhabited a world he couldn't possibly invade. Concerned only with aquatic prey and, confident that sooner or later he would flush out one of the seals that supplied him with most of his calories, he pushed through, and under, the ice with watchful eyes.

A moment or two later, rounding a thick-footed iceberg that had probably bulled its way through endless miles of pack ice, a swirl in the water caught his eye and he recognized the glistening head of a ten-foot sea leopard, the only flesh-eating seal known to mankind, surging furiously in his direction. He didn't care particularly for tough old sea leopard, and would have preferred something slightly more palatable. Things being as they were, however, he couldn't afford to be choosy, and anything was better than the pain twisting and knotting his insides. Giving his tail a quick stroke that put him at right angles to the *phoca's* course, merely as a precautionary measure, he waited, hopefully, for the swimmer to come within striking distance.

The spotted seal was almost on top of the partially submerged dolphin before he realized that what he had taken for an innocuous member of his own tribe was really the only enemy he feared. Killer whales were his *bêtes noir* in more ways than one, and he wanted no part of them. Swerving sideways as only a seal can swerve, he tried to change his course and take evasive action. Discovering at the last second that he was going too fast to make a clean getaway on the surface, he raised his head to leer at his enemy, then disappeared from sight in a quick, steep dive that left scarcely a ripple on the surface.

All things considered, the sea leopard had been extremely wise in avoiding a clash with Orca, for the strong jaws with the twenty-four terrible teeth that frequently sent one-hundred-ton whales into paroxysms of fear could easily have bitten him in two.

The near clash between the predacious seal and the voracious dolphin couldn't have consumed more than a few seconds of time, but the event must have been telegraphed to distant parts of the sea in some mysterious way because jets of green vapour began spouting all over the bay as hungry killer whales came hurrying to the spot.

Orca's cold eyes registered interest each time he surfaced in that peculiar short-spaced loop of his. He was in for another disappointment, however. And, finally, contemptuous of their volume, he veered towards a pan dotted with black and white spots that might be penguins.

Big, well-upholstered penguins rated high in Orca's estimation of tasty food. Whether he had acquired the taste only after coming south, or had been virtually born with the flavour in his mouth will probably never be known, and must forever remain a mystery. Suffice it to say, that the prospect of a mouthful or two of fat *impenne* was enough to make him forget all his disappointments.

Unable to fly, the penguins of this cold-enshrouded land that once teemed with swamps and heat are amongst the world's strangest forms of life. Standing from three to four feet in height, and weighing up to ninety pounds, these wise, black-and-white birds swim with their wings and, when on the ice, walk erect like a company of soldiers in dress clothes and stiff shirts.

If the ungainly birds on the pan, removed from their reptillian ancestry by a mere million years or so, were aware of the killer whale's nearness they gave no indication of it, but kept waddling about, nodding and bowing to each other in their ridiculously human way.

The larger birds, probably males, kept a little apart from the main group, and the females appeared to be engaged in excited conversation. Some of them strutted about with squirming chicks clasped carelessly to their white-feathered bellies, while others, probably widows or frustrated old maids, tried to look equally maternal by cradling small rocks to their chests.

Little wonder that Orca's mouth fairly drooled as he followed the slow-motion movements of the big, ungainly birds and wondered how he could reach them. He couldn't get close enough to frighten them into the water; of that he felt sure. But, with a little luck, he might be able to smash his way through the ice and trap at least some of them before they could get away. Finally coming to the reluctant conclusion that the pan was too thick and solid for even his hard head and phenomenal strength to shatter, he turned away from the tantalizing picture only to find that tricky winds and contrary currents had sealed the narrow exit from the bay with a great mass of loose ice.

The mile-wide barrier presented no real problem to a swimmer of Orca's accomplishments, and under ordinary circumstances he would have slipped under it in a long, smooth, twenty-minute dive. But since hunger was riding him hard, and there was more likelihood of finding food in the bay than in the open sea, he changed course and paralleled the bluish-white mass.

A moment later, unable to detect anything that even faintly resembled a bird or a seal, he shifted gears, so to speak, and built up speed till he fairly boiled through the sea. Suddenly exploding from the water like a bomb, he shot his polished body vertically into the air so that he looked for all the world as if he was actually standing on his tail.

The extraordinary manoeuvre paid off, as it nearly always did, and before falling back into the sea with a tremendous splash he had caught sight of some big emperor penguins behind a rampart of pressure ice. Diving downward at a sharp angle till he figured that he was about under them, he came about and shot upward at terrific speed, smashing the ice with his head and nabbing a pair of the fat birds before they could make their escape amongst the débris.

To an animal of Orca's capacity, whose enormous stomach sometimes bulged with the remains of a full dozen seals at once, this was just chicken feed, merely serving to sharpen his hunger and accentuate his need for a really substantial meal. Figuring that he had exhausted the possibilities of the bay, he barreled down under the ice barrier in a long, slanting dive that finally brought him to the surface a good half mile away.

Few creatures can cruise, unchallenged, through the loose ice and

Illustrations
By
S. Tresilian

drifting goliaths of the immense Ross Sea. Orca, as it happened, was one of the few—perhaps the only one. Not only was he not interfered with by lesser creatures, but he was given a wide berth by pirating bands of his own kind. His only real enemy was man, and since few humans ever ventured as close as this to the South Pole, he was virtually king of all he surveyed.

Being a monarch without subjects to boss and bully didn't appeal in the least to Orca, and had he been given the choice, it is altogether probable that he would have gladly swapped his nebulous crown for a fast-swimming trio of long-finned killers. Short-tempered and irritable, he bulled his way through and under the litter of ice, gulping down fish, the odd porpoise or two, and great quantities of the filling, but tasteless, red shrimp called krill.

HAD the not-too-bright whale decided to follow up his advantage with another whip of his tail, Orca would certainly have gone to join his ancestors

His thirst for leadership still eclipsed by hunger-pains, he was cutting recklessly around a ten-mile wide iceberg with gem-studded towers and turrets, one day, when a patch of disturbed water caught his feverish eye and excited his attention. Putting on speed, he raced down on the spot in time to see a gigantic 150-foot, 150-ton blue whale surge to the surface with the water cascading from his mountainous flanks.

Orca's spirits soared. Here was something he could get his teeth into. A mere pigmy compared to his colossal relative—for the whale is just as much a cetacean as he is—he circled the hairless monster and waited with burning impatience for other killer whales to get wind of the heaven-sent opportunity and come to his help.

They finally came with the fierce, driving rush of all sea-wolves—four cold-eyed killers of slightly less tonnage than himself, but propelled by the same bloodthirsty urge to kill and destroy.

Their pointed fins shearing the surface, and taking good care to keep clear of the ever-dangerous tail, the unholy quintet circled the petrified leviathan like torturers dancing about a stake. Then, working in dreadful concert, they closed in on him with a wild threshing of fluked tails.

There was something horribly systematic about the attack, a snappy deployment of polished muscular bodies that spoke of a well-practised routine. While three of the killers started jumping out of the water and landing on the whale's back, as if they would flatten him through sheer weight of numbers, Orca and another dolphin darted for the mammal s head. Sinking their terrible teeth into his lips, they worried him under water and hung on till he finally drowned with a last convulsive sweep of his great tail.

Whale flesh was of no particular interest to the victorious killers, and the fact that they had destroyed 150 tons of living animal for a mouthful or two of tongue gave them no qualms. Moving quickly, four of the dolphins converged on the whale's mouth. But Orca was already there. Tearing out a great chunk of tongue, he went off at full speed before his fratricidal confederates could turn on him and rob him of his rightful share of the spoils.

Better for Orca had he taken a chance and remained near the kill, where he could at least have nibbled at the carcass from time to time, for that same day the kind of storm that could only be brewed in the devil's vat that is the Antarctic Ocean swirled down from the Pole and made surface hunting impossible.

The storms of the Arctic are mere puffs of wind compared to the blizzards that swoop unexpectedly over this part of the continent at the bottom of the world. Here, where the average cold in the dead of winter is reputed to be many degrees below that of the North Pole, huge masses of heavy air spill over the continental ice cap that has been millions of years in the making, and come screaming down on the world like a host of angry devils.

Orca's dejection was complete. Feverish from hunger, and the finding of a killer pack as far away as ever, he kept under the surface as much as possible, or tried to find shelter in the lee of icebergs and pans where he wallowed in his misery.

Hunger took no holiday, however, no time out for the storm, and kept nagging at Orca's insides till the young bull edged out of his watery foxhole and gorged himself on krill.

The storm, a holdover from the late winter, whipped and lashed the sea for two solid days and nights, and when it finally blew itself out in a succession of banshee wails Orca took some comfort in the discovery that the upheaval had immobilized others besides himself. Huddled on a small pan nearby was a herd of Weddell seals, dull-witted animals that ordinarily spend the long winter months in caves and tunnels under the ice.

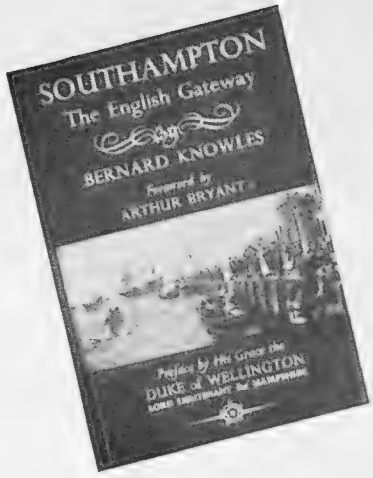
The garrulous, 300-pound sluggards were just what the doctor ordered, as far as Orca was concerned, (*Continued on page* 68)

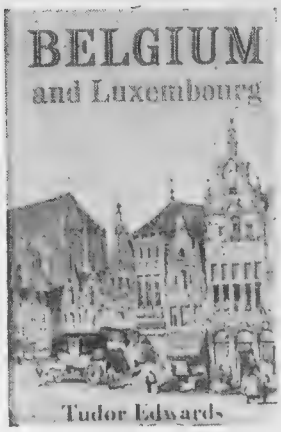
PAS DEUX

ONE thing may be said of ballet: it begets beauty besides expressing it. William Chappell's **"Fonteyn : Impressions of a Ballerina"** (Rockliff, 21s.) is a handsome book in every sense: admirably written, illustrated with his own imaginative, Beardsleyesque decorations and forty Cecil Beaton camera studies, well produced in clear type on fine paper. "Fonteyn's performances," he says, "show no mannerisms. Her work is academically pure, free of tricks and those shocking lapses of style which are sometimes explained away by the term 'showmanship.'" Yet, paradoxically, she is also "intensely individual." He is a sound interpreter, writing from a close study of her since pupil days. There is a limited signed 250 edition on fine antique laid paper, £3 3s.

MORE camera studies, with sketchbook drawings, adorn Cecil Beaton's **"Ballet"** (Wingate, 15s.), a personal memoir of impressions from Pavlova and Diaghileff onwards which will evoke happy recollections in his balletomane contemporaries.

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

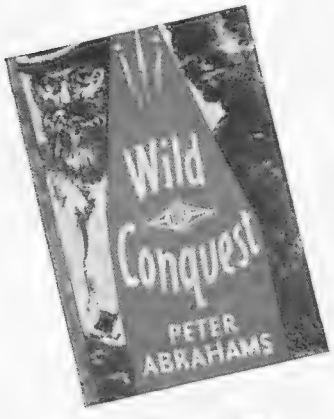




HAVE you ever been to Achill on Eire's west coast? A darlin' place it is, with quaint island folk. When Irish artist Paul Henry, R.H.A., settled there and helped at a local concert, a singer came on in full evening dress with backless frock—and at once every woman in the room drew her shawl over her face, refusing to look. "Be Jasus," cried some small boys crowding round the windows, "there's a naked woman inside." The windows were stormed; he had to leave the hall to quell a minor riot. Beloved Achill is the chief background of a well-written autobiography—**"An Irish Portrait"** (Batsford, 15s.)—which describes also Paris student days at Julian's and struggling London days when he shared a studio with writer Robert Lynd. Colour plates of his landscapes, and drawings of peasants, make an attractive book.

SOUTHAMPTON, home of the great liners, will be much in the limelight this Festival summer. Bernard Knowles's history of the port—**"Southampton, the English Gateway"** (Hutchinson, 15s.)—is accordingly a timely reminder of its Saxon origin, rise after the Norman Conquest, decline in the fifteenth century and revival in the mid-nineteenth. Every phase is recorded painstakingly; there are old prints, photographs and colour reproductions of Percival Moore pictures.

THE visitor to picturesque coves farther west will find a friendly, intimate introduction to places, people and customs in Roland Roddis's **"Cornish Harbours"** (Johnson, 10s. 6d.), with Donald Payne's excellent photographs. As former Port Executive Officer at Penryn Mr. Roddis writes with a native's zest for his subject.

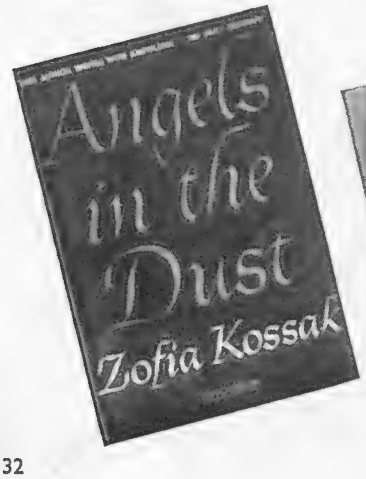


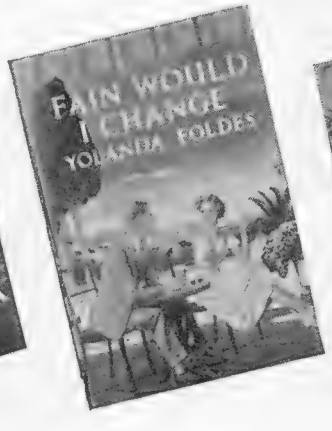
WITH Tudor Edwards's **"Belgium and Luxembourg"** (Batsford, 15s.) we are off across the Channel to revisit loved places like old Bruges with its famous carillon and medieval Corpus Christi pageant and tableaux, its canal walks past ancient houses and Lac d'Amour, "a place of silence and melancholy when the autumn leaves are falling." We can enjoy this book as a treasure of history and culture, not just as a guide, and the host of photographs could not be bettered; but, strangely, he omits mention of the fine Brangwyn gallery at Bruges.

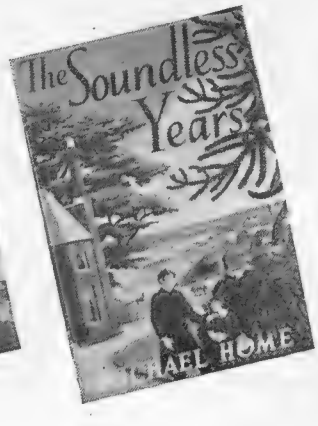
HOW rarely, since schooldays, have we recalled Portugal's two turbulent centuries of empire adventure on East Africa's coast, following da Gama's 1497 pioneer voyage! Yet it is one of the most dramatic—and bloody—stories in maritime conquest, and I have read Genesta (Lady Claud) Hamilton's account of it—**"In the Wake of da Gama"** (Skeffington, 15s.)—as I would watch a quick-motion film, so graphic is her treatment; but her style is too staccato and abrupt.

FROM 1941–43 Edward Crankshaw was with the British Military Mission to Moscow; he has been the *Observer's* Russian correspondent since 1947. His probe into the conflicting motives behind the Cold War in **"Russia by Daylight"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) is accordingly worth serious attention. "Russia," he argues, "is a country where decency plays no part; there is no accepted code of behaviour . . . so that individual kindness, of which there is the greatest store in the world, is invariably opposed by organized evil." His object is to "define the enemy" so that we know what we are fighting. He does it in a way that exposes the Lenin-Stalin ideology in all its tortuous detail.

WITH relief I turn to Michael Home's new "Breckland" novel, for its Norfolk background is as homespun as Hardy's Wessex. **"The Soundless Years"** (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) tells of the relationship between young Richard Spenser and an unorthodox village rector, his father's friend, who loves him as a son. Many things, including the father's fatal fall while riding at the race, conspire to alienate them. Only at the end does Michael learn the truth. A story with a quiet poignancy in it that all country-lovers will like.







A NOVEL of manners with sensibility women can appreciate is Giles Romilly's **"Christina Claimed"** (Putnam, 10s. 6d.). Christina has a gentleness that is bound to suffer, and suffer she does in love and marriage with a Polish portrait painter, especially when she (*Continued on page 74*)

LONDON, this festival year, offers such a wide variety of interests, amusements and entertainments, that any woman spending a short holiday in London must budget her time if she is to spend it wisely with a maximum of pleasure.

Here are some suggestions not to be found in a guide-book which will help the visitor to feel she knows her way around.

Any time is tea-time at London's *Tea Bureau* in Lower Regent Street, open from 10.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. (except on Saturday when they close at 1 p.m.). Tea as it should be made and light, tasty snacks.

There is also Gunters, off Park Lane. Smart, spacious, frequented by well-dressed women; adjacent to Hyde Park and the abodes of the rich. Tea-time starts early.

For morning coffee, try Charbonnel et Walker, Bond Street—you will be offered Turkish or Virginia cigarette with your coffee. Alternatively there is Legrain's in Gerrard Street (open from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.), where coffee is served in glasses and has the *real* French flavour. Light snacks are served.

When visiting the museums and picture galleries, remember that some of them have excellent restaurants, notably the National Gallery and the Victoria and Albert. Restful and comfortable and not expensive.

See London's Latin quarter shopping centre in Soho (clever cooks in London go there!). Wander along Old Compton Street, near to the lovely old bombed church of St. Anne's, Soho and its immediate neighbourhood. All sorts of exotic and Continental delicacies can be had there—in tins, jars and bottles. Typical stores are *Del Monico* and *Parmigiani*, and delicious French pastries can be had at the *Pâtisserie Suisse*.

Something special for your feet—since they're even more important at holiday time! Gala, in the Burlington Arcade have a special foot treatment which includes pedicure and leaves your feet feeling like new. Cost is 12s. 6d.

Talking of feet, and shopping, if you are of the great forgotten community with larger size feet, there is a shop in Savile Row which specializes in large sizes. Aptly named "Tall Girls."

While in the vicinity, spare some time for the Burlington Arcade—it includes some of the most fascinating small shops in London. Visitors from all over the world shop there.

Your stay in London certainly includes a little shopping. Liberty's in Regent Street have wonderful scarves, in addition to the world-famous printed silks. A current attraction are the new permanent-pleated nylon garments. Nightdresses, half-slips and special non-transparent nylon dressing-gowns are worth looking at. A little pricey, but very glamorous. Take in the new contemporary furniture department and see what our young designers are doing with modern furniture at realistic prices.

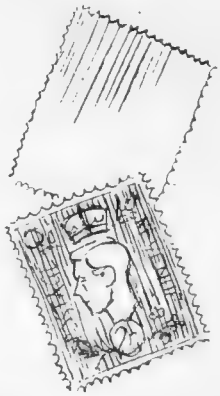
Other shopping tips: Faithful reproductions of Paris couture coats, suits and dresses, designed as only the great artists can design, and at down-to-earth prices are at Peter Jones, Sloane Square: Dresses from five guineas to thirty-five; coats from ten guineas to thirty-nine; suits from eight guineas to twenty-nine.

Looking for good gloves? Jays of Regent Street, have a reputation for variety, quality and sound pricing.

If you are artistically-minded, Bond Street includes a number of art galleries, one or two of which are worth a visit (details of current exhibitions are usually listed in *The Times* and other dailies).

AN aspect of London life is its pubs. A famous one worth seeing is Shepherd's in Shepherd Market, Mayfair, popular with overseas visitors as well as with Londoners. A bit farther afield, but worth the journey is the Old George Inn at Southwark (associated with Charles Dickens) and one (*Continued on page* 64)

Identification Papers



DEAR So-and-so . . . yours truly. But is the notepaper on which you write that so often, truly yours? There are so many ways in which letter-paper reflects the personality of the writer. Stationery is, like so many other things to-day, expensive, but it costs no more to be tastefully distinctive.

There is a wide variety in the choice of colour. There are fifteen or sixteen shades of blue stationery and many in the white lines which include ivory, cream, azure, off-whites and greys. More exotic shades can be sought amongst Continental papers, which are slightly more expensive. Match the writing ink to the paper.

The texture of writing paper is important. A "cream laid" paper has a heavy content of clay to give a smooth surface, and is therefore popular with writers of a bold hand. A "bond" paper is more matt, and the rough surface counteracts an otherwise scrawly pen. Hand-made paper is most expensive of all, but it is possible to get about fifty sheets for two shillings. It is always matt and usually heavy and, therefore, takes the ink well. Its uneven edge gives it a characteristic quality.

IF you are likely to use personal stationery for typing, make sure that the paper is thin enough to move smoothly round the platen when added to copy sheet and carbon. A fifteen-pound bank is about the heaviest that can be safely used in a typewriter.

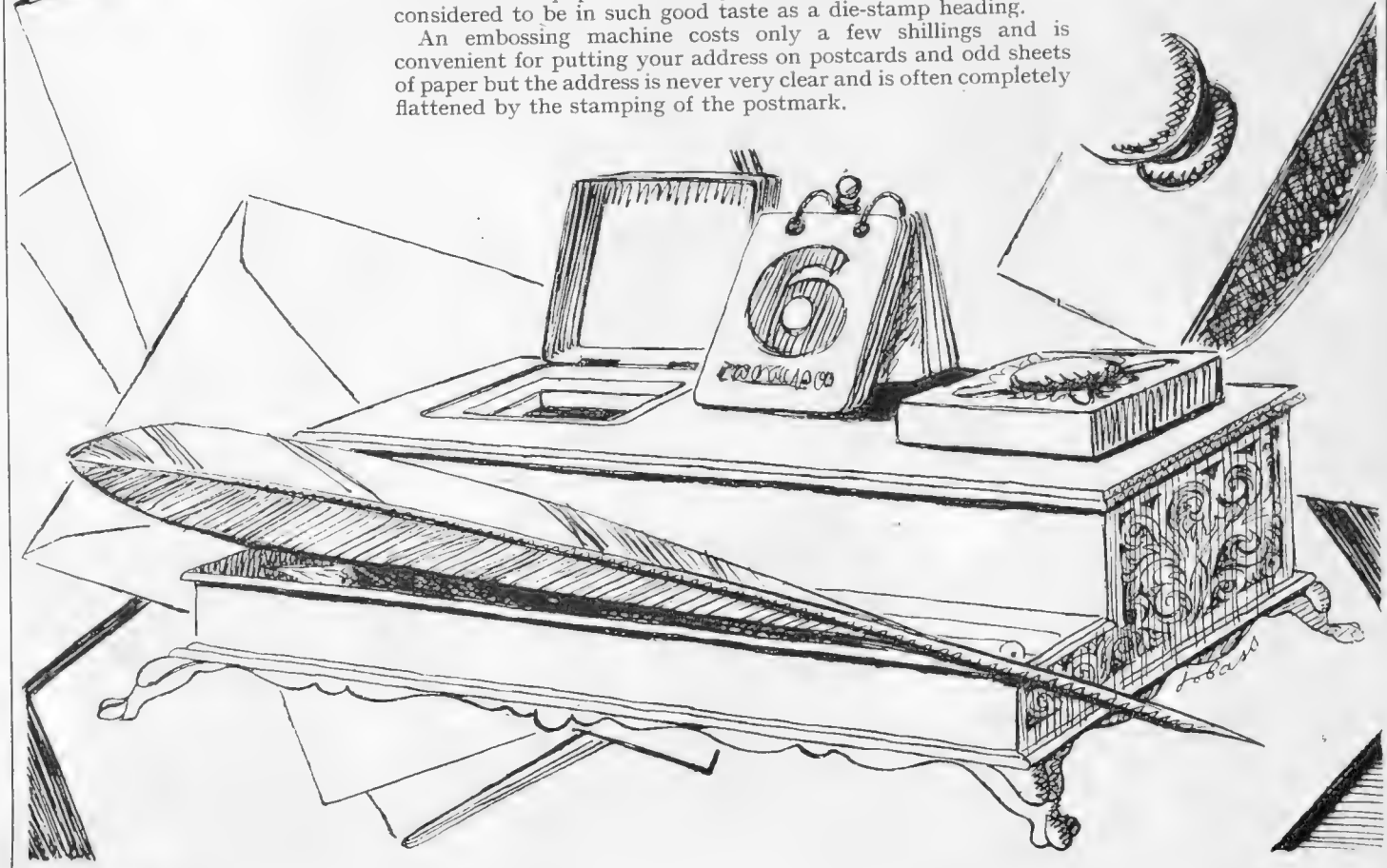
When buying envelopes, see that they are of a shape and size to take the notepaper without unnecessary folding and refolding. An original and effective idea is to have the envelopes to match the ink in contrast to the notepaper.

Ideally headed paper should be die-stamped and not printed. A die-stamp heading can always be recognized by its slightly embossed characters. Initial cost is rather high, but once the die is cut it will last a lifetime and subsequent supplies will be less expensive. An individual estimate must be made for each die, as they are hand-made and costs depend on the type and number of words required.

The layout of the heading is important to the look of the notepaper and is almost as sure an indication of personality as handwriting itself. All die-stamp makers have specimens which can be repeated or modified to suit personal taste.

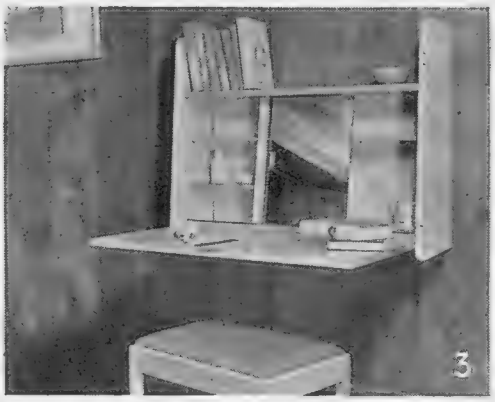
Printed notepaper is less expensive than a die but it is not considered to be in such good taste as a die-stamp heading.

An embossing machine costs only a few shillings and is convenient for putting your address on postcards and odd sheets of paper but the address is never very clear and is often completely flattened by the stamping of the postmark.



COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE

New furniture which makes a practical contribution to comfort and convenience at home



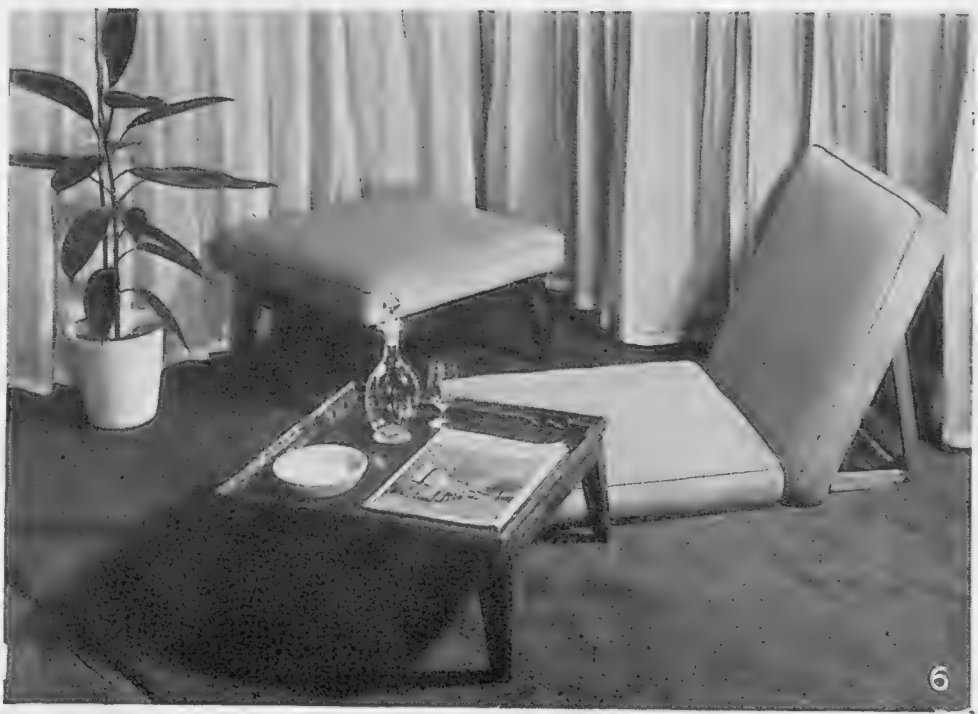
1. A coffee table by S. Hille and Co. with detachable dish-shaped top. When not required as an occasional table, top and base separate to form a tray and stool

2. An easy chair, specially designed for comfort by Put-U-Up. The loose seat and pull-on back are removable for cleaning

3. A wall fitment which serves a variety of practical purposes without taking up floor space. Fitted as illustrated to serve as a dressing table, it costs £15. Fitted as a writing desk or cocktail cabinet, the price is £12. Liberty's

4. A compact nest of tables also from Liberty's. The small boomerang tables are designed to fit round the arm of a chair as shown in 5

6. Cushioned stools by Wylie and Lockhead which can be used in a group of three to form a day bed, the tops can be put on the floor for use as a seat and the base used as a table as shown in the photograph



MANNERS PLEASE

By A. J. Steylaers

THE Book of Etiquette has long since joined the novels of Mrs. Oliphant—which it so strangely resembles—up in the attic memories. For all its precise preciosity, nevertheless, that ineffable volume makes interesting reading on a wet afternoon, but as a near-historical compendium only. It may, no doubt, be entertaining to learn what was The Right Thing for the Perfect Hostess to do when her youngest daughter had dropped her *glâce pistache* into the bishop's aproned lap, but our interest remains purely documentary. True, we still have bishops among us, to say nothing of youngest daughters. We even manage to produce, now and then, the pistacchio ice cream, yet, our liberation from such a rigid code of convention renders it unnecessary to look it up in the book should such a disaster descend upon us.

Does that mean that much of those six hundred and twenty pages of Correct Behaviour for All Occasions no longer obtains? Perhaps. That good manners are dead? Certainly not. Good manners please, and they please as much as ever they did. In any case, the book of etiquette had nothing to do with good manners as such; it was merely a codification of the externals They were elaborately itemized for the use of a society which *imagined* itself set into the immutable mould of perfection.

Good manners were, and remain, much more than that. All the difference between external polite demeanour and genuine feeling. The point was, and is: did the hostess feel truly sorry for her bishop? Or, while her long skirted maids fluttered in with steaming bowl and a cloth (clean) had she difficulty in keeping a straight face behind her fan, as she endeavoured to create a conversational diversion?

THERE is *all* the difference between looking charming and being charming.

The book of etiquette is oddly silent as to the behaviour of bishops on such disconcerting occasions. No matter. Doubtless the gentleman knew how to deport himself with episcopal serenity.

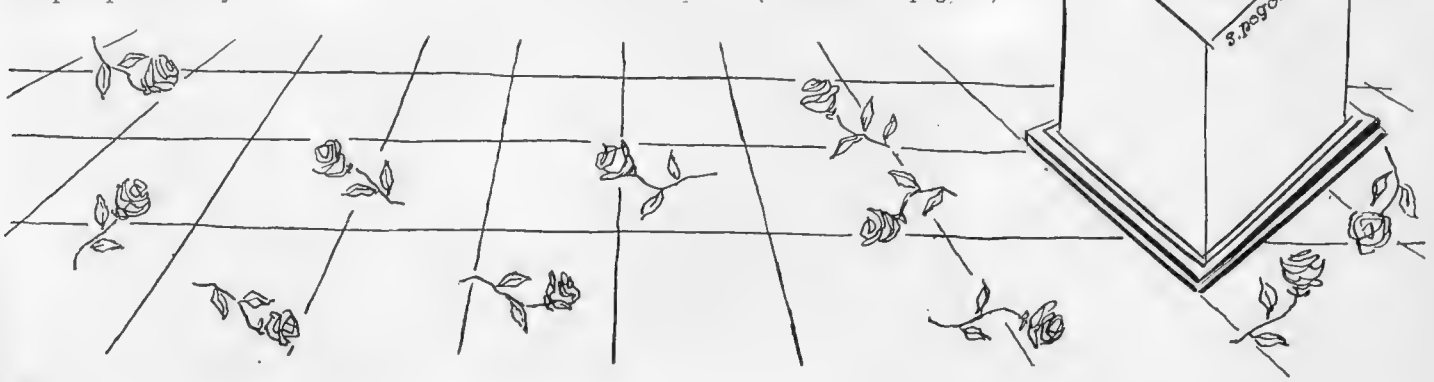
But enough of the past. To-day the rigid ceremonial and punctilious externals of polite social behaviour have been streamlined, but the core remains. Good manners: whilst for men, they imply the observance of the well-defined line of conduct in which they have been trained, there is no feminine counterpart to the masculine code. To know how to receive homage, how to reciprocate masculine good manners, requires a subtle combination of understanding, of kindness, of tact, of poise. These can only find their expression if they spring from the source of genuine sincerity.

As a child you have been told to be polite; parents may not have found it necessary to explain why. But since then it has become obvious to you. How much your manners please, how much they add to your already undoubted charm, madam, only a man can tell you.

First and foremost, you would never give a man the least suspicion that he is not equal to a situation. He may act like a fool, but that is beside the point. He appreciates your tacit support in an encounter with the unhelpful head waiter and this pleases him much more than any intervention on your part, however apt. To be otherwise is to be just rude. You would never be deliberately late for an appointment. Punctuality is expected from a man, you have always been aware of that and you considerately reciprocate his courtesy in being on time. You know that the most ingenious excuse will not compensate him for the affront to his pride which is implicit in such casual treatment.

NO one can teach you anything about the art of receiving presents with grace. He has brought you a book, he has tickets for a play. It is a pity that you have read the book or that you have heard that the play is boring. You are gracious just the same and, in being so, you are not insincere. He has exerted himself to please you, which is flattering in itself.

You have found (*Continued on page* 66)



EXPERT in the CHAIR

SOME people know everything. They even know our business better than we do ourselves; but those of us who do not aspire to infallibility are happy to pick up sound information where we can, and if it happens to come from an expert in his subject, so much the better. There are many interesting facts which are just routine to the person on the job, but pearls of wisdom to the laymen. Here are a few of them, ranging widely over the sphere of women's interests.

From a **Hairdresser** come these useful tips: a good hairdresser varies the shampoo he uses according to the condition of the hair. He may consult your wishes, but he doesn't leave the decision to you.

If he can really handle hair he will not douse you with setting lotion. Curls should set well without the aid of fixatives.

A Florist: When roses bloom in the garden they are at their worst in the shops.

Flowers hate draughts. Besides keeping the stems in water, sprinkle the petals and leaves every day.

Restaurant Chef: Keep every pot and pan on the stove covered to conserve flavour. Even if you are frying a little bacon, cover the pan. "As soon as I smell food cooking I know the flavour is escaping."

To this he adds: never prick sausages for cooking. All the flavour goes into the cooking fat if you do. Cook them very slowly and they won't burst.

Soap Manufacturer: All good soaps are made of highly refined ingredients so the finished article takes on a clear, yellowish shade which can be tinted in pale colours. When lower-grade fats are used, the soap has to be coloured in darker and opaque blues and purples.

Shoemaker: Recent research shows a formidable percentage of children with abnormal feet caused by wearing badly-fitting shoes in the early years. Never let a child wear shoes designed for special wear for other than their special uses. Example, wearing Wellingtons except when it rains; run-down soft-fabric slippers for many hours together. Only properly fitted shoes are suitable even for play and housewear.

Cotton Expert: White towels are more absorbent than coloured ones. Dyes give glamour but impede the drying process. There are, of course, variations of quality in dyed towelling, but nothing dries quite so well as a good white towel.

Laundress: Even an amateur should iron a shirt in three minutes. It's the method that speeds it up. Iron seams, hems, and neckband first on the wrong side. Fold the yoke over on to the back to press. Iron cuffs and sleeves next. Follow with the body, back first, stretching the fronts as you iron. Button the front and press out creases.

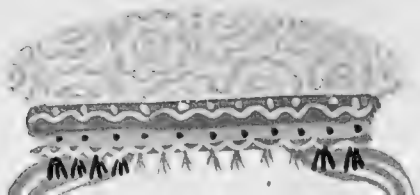
If you wash loose covers at home iron while still damp. Press seams and pleats only on the ironing-board. Replace the cover and iron the flat pieces *on the chair.*

China Collector: If you have some fine old china or porcelain in your house give it a perfect lustre with just a little wax polish.

Furniture Dealer: Smooth-running drawers tell the story of good craftsmanship. Examine the wood used for the back of the furniture. Inferior wood concealed in the back signifies poor quality throughout. Similarly, elaborate decoration and weird "finishes" are sometimes used to conceal poor materials and are best avoided.

Electrician: If you have a thermostatically-controlled water-heater it is false economy to switch it off except if you are leaving the house unoccupied for really long periods. Heating up from cold takes more current than leaving it switched on continually.

Lampshade Maker: To wash a lampshade remove coloured trimmings which might "run." Dip the shade into soapy water. Rinse. Dry on the lamp with the light switched on.



How to

Living in somebody else's property in these days of inflated rents seems an indifferent form of investment, whereas owning your house appears, on the face of it, to be based on sounder economics. The facts are only assessable in relation to personal circumstances and a clear understanding of the factors involved in house purchase. Here is a short preliminary survey for the uninitiated

By

LORNA LEWIS

BUYING a house should be a pleasant adventure and a sound investment, but it is an enterprise on which quick decisions must often be made nowadays whilst still avoiding the risks which snap judgments often involve.

Over such an important financial transaction one naturally takes expert advice from estate agent, bank, lawyer and surveyor, but before this stage is reached the prospective house-owner has a clear advantage in knowing precisely what financial commitments will have to be met in connection with the purchase as well as in the future.

Here are some points to bear in mind when you have found the house which so far as convenience, location and design are concerned meets your own ideas of perfection.

Building Societies will lend up to 80 per cent. of the price or valuation of the house on approved properties, or in certain special cases up to 95 per cent.; income-tax relief is allowed in respect of a proportion of the interest paid on the loan.

Rate of interest on a mortgage raised through a Building Society is 4 per cent. To calculate the rate of repayment of the loan, allow 12s. 3d. per month per £100 on a twenty-year mortgage, although, of course, there may be a slight variation either way in this figure, according to individual circumstance.

FAVOURABLE mortgage terms are available through Local Authorities, who are empowered by the terms of the Housing Act to advance 90 per cent. of the total purchase price on approved properties. Repayments are at 2¼ per cent. up to five years; 2¾ per cent. from five to fifteen years, and 3¼ per cent. over fifteen years.

The actual purchase price of the house is not, however, the whole story, and prospective buyers are sometimes embarrassed by the further expenses disclosed in the rather complicated transactions preliminary to becoming a house-owner.

A percentage of the total cost in excess of the mortgage has to be found from personal resources. Further to this there is Stamp Duty on the contract for Sale and Transfer of the house. This is one of the costlier items—*i.e.*, £2 per cent., or £100 on a £5000 house.

Land Registration (whereby the house-owner is formally recorded as a legal holder of the deeds of the land) is compulsory in London and in some Home Counties. This is not a heavy charge but it must be accounted for in the bill of costs.

Surveyor's and lawyer's fees must also be reckoned with. These will vary in individual cases. Insurance coverage on the house is another immediate charge to be met.

Development charges will not normally arise unless the property is to be extensively enlarged or "developed" by "change of use"; for example, by making part of it into a club or using it for any kind of commercial enterprise. Land Development charges only arise in the case of *new* buildings.

Now for future commitments. There are, of course, water and general rates. In the country, or on a new

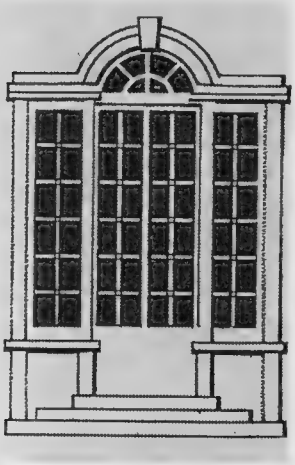
Buy a House

estate, there may be road development charges based upon the area of frontage.

IF electricity is "available" but not laid on, it is advisable to make careful enquiry into the probable costs of installation, extension of cables, etc. If electricity is already installed (this applies equally in town or country) it should be checked over by the local Electricity Authority. In old houses existing installations sometimes prove to be of obsolete type. Even in not-so-old houses some wartime installations were far from satisfactory. It is disconcerting and very costly to find oneself with an electrical system which is obsolete or not safe. Electrical authorities have the right to demand a refit in such cases.

A good surveyor will shed light on the well-known bugbears—dry rot, subsidence by bomb vibration, faulty chimneys, drains and other hidden menaces. Town houses "on the mains" seldom produce drain problems, but in the country, where drainage systems are often more elementary, it is a different story. Where there is no main drainage a septic tank is often used. This is a dual system of tank drainage which is quite satisfactory if properly built. A cesspit is also adequate if it is at a sufficient distance from the house and well-designed. A cesspit requires to be emptied at intervals. The operation is usually carried out by the Local Authorities for a small fee.

Weather drainage is sometimes a problem in the country. If surrounding gardens and fields are on a higher level than the house and are not adequately drained, water may seep through to the garden and cause incipient dampness in the house.



These potential snags should be revealed in the surveyor's report. It is a risky form of economy to employ any other than the most competent surveyor on this preliminary check-up.

In the case of freeholds future expenses will be confined to maintenance and repairs in the owner's interests. Leasehold properties present a different picture. In such cases it is advisable to get from the surveyor an initial assessment of yearly dilapidations and essential repairs. Under some leasehold agreements the lessee is required to paint outside, repoint walls and to carry out other improvements to the property at specified intervals.

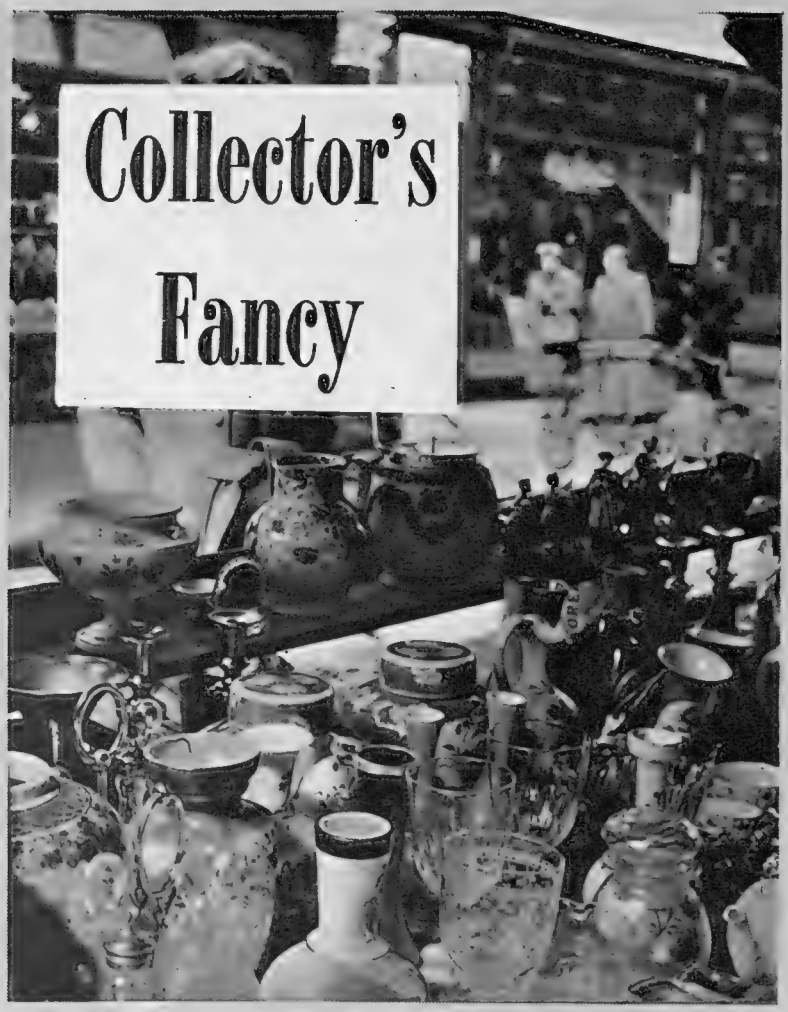
An analysis of the costs of house purchase is in some ways rather formidable. The value of the speculation can only be assessed in relation to individual factors; but though the responsibilities of ownership are heavy, the compensations of an investment in a "place of one's own" when the circumstances are right are very clear.

COOKS in CLOVER

"A cook is as good as her tools" is a maxim for all who appreciate good food and enjoy preparing it. Here are some utensils to delight æsthetic cooks. Some have companion pieces for table use so that direct service from the oven can be achieved en suite with table appointments.

(1) Denby ovenware in a pretty "farm green" glaze on the spruce enamel surface of the last word in electric cookers, The Comet. (2) The same ware in Royal blue. (3) Mixing bowl, gravy boat and platter immaculately attractive in Phœnix glass. (4) Cook's delight : a milk saucepan that won't bubble over ; a really efficient coffee mill with an unbreakable cast-iron grinder and a set of Prestige pressed steel utensils with rosewood handles. (Oetzmann.) (5) Tempo's glass-covered frying-pan and casserole in heavy aluminium alloy which cannot buckle, gives visible cooking and the utmost conservation of heat. Frying-pan 39s., casserole 45s. (6) The best French cooking comes from cast-iron pans. These importations from the Land of Chefs are enamelled a gay orange. Frying-pan £1 1s., casserole 23s., omelette pan 16s. (Oetzmann.) (7) Decorated fireproof opaque glass dinner service. 29-pieces £18 18s. Replacements, matching water-sets and fruit-sets are available. (Oetzmann.) (8) Danish fireproof ware for oven and table in a delightful burnt-orange glaze. Available separately at Heals.

Collector's Fancy



Fashion takes an unpredictable course among the lesser objects of the collector's world. Laurel Pascal writes about the pieces that are "in" at the moment.

THERE is something of the magpie in us all. The collecting urge is probably strongest in women and, if thwarted, is apt to express itself in the form of piles of paper bags, bits of string, empty medicine bottles or old corks.

Collectors fall into several categories. There are the people who collect because they can't bear to throw anything away. Others collect some fancied object for the sheer pleasure of the hunt, and the rest make a business of it. Members of the first category have at least the prospect of discovering in the hoard one of the fancied pieces which the more serious collectors have selected for their favour.

Among the lesser objects of the antique world fashions are to-day as unpredictable as in the sphere of *haute couture*. The craze of to-day may be the dealer's headache for the next ten years. Take Staffordshire dogs, for instance. After a long run of popularity, these now linger in antique shops, waiting, with haughty, upturned noses, for someone to give them a good home. China dogs, unlike real dogs, are nobody's darlings—with one exception—the bulldog. Nobody knows why these small, gaily-coloured china creatures of the Victorian era are enjoying a vogue.

Cats, on the contrary, seem never to have suffered an eclipse in popularity. The rare, exquisite Chinese cats with their hand-inviting curves and sweet, bland smiles, are top-bracket collector's pieces and fetch real money. Dresden cats and kittens are eagerly snapped up, and even mediocre bits of Victorian china will fetch good money if there is a sentimental cat or kitten incorporated in the design.

Glass drop-lustre ornaments that once held pride of place on grandmother's mantelpiece are in favour after a period of neglect. The American collector thinks them "cute," and it is this steady demand from the United States which accounts for the rise in price. Old lustre china is also sought after, and with better reason. But it is still possible to buy old lustre plates, jugs and dishes for very little money.

This business of the odd piece in the world of antiques works very much in the favour of the amateur collector. Six odd but delightful cups and saucers, and a like number of assorted plates gives the happy possessor a unique and comparatively inexpensive tea-service—and enough conversation for a hundred tea-parties.

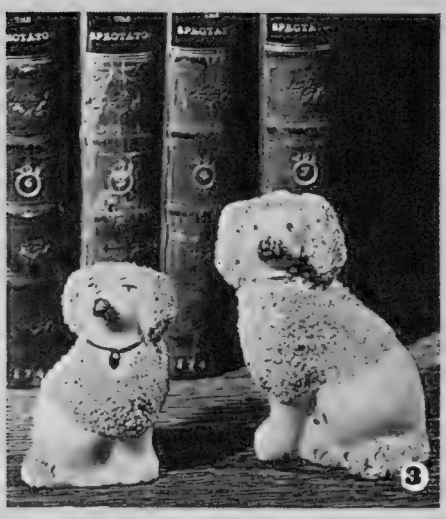
The Americans are also ardent collectors of Victorian china hands, no doubt finding their rather surrealistic appeal just the thing for rooms in the Lloyd Wright tradition. Some of these examples of Victorian fantasy are most sensitively modelled, the best having been cast, rumour has it, from the living hands of the witty and beautiful Lady Blessington.

Asked what, in his experience, were the most-sought-after objects of to-day, a friend "in the trade" said, after a little thought: "Milk china hens-on-the-nest; cornucopias of any kind; unusual china cottages; small Dresden figures—and swans." Adding, a little gloomily: "And paperweights, of course."

His depression over the weights, it turned out, was due to the fact that these perennial favourites are now being faked so cleverly that even the expert finds it hard to tell whether the date of an alleged old piece was indeed stamped on the bottom in 1851—or 1951!

(*Continued on page 70*)

Small porcelain figures like this Copeland piece on the left are finding a readier market, and (right) good lustre pieces have leapt in value from pence to pounds.



(1) Inflation prices have reached the china cottage, and fanciful designs get the highest prices.

(2) Victorian hands, sometimes grotesque and sometimes elegant, are sought for at the moment.

(3) Staffordshire dogs. Still contemptuous, though suffering an eclipse.

(4) Glass drop-lustre candlesticks flowing to America in a steady stream have been promoted from the sphere of junk.

(5) Cornucopias, in any form, are enjoying an era of popularity.

Objects by courtesy of Miss Hodson.

PIPED WITH WHITE

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. "Wendy" Family Wool 3-ply ; ¼ oz. white 3-ply ; No. 9 and 11 needles ; 10 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 19 ins. ; sleeve seam, 4 ins.
TENSION : 7½ sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 102 sts. main colour. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and the following rib :

1st row.—* k. 6, p. 2, repeat from * ending k. 6.
2nd row.—* p. 6, k. 2, repeat from * ending p. 6.

Repeat these 2 rows, and at the same time m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 128 sts. Work straight until there are 12 ins. from casting on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 112 sts. Work straight until there are 8 ins. round curve of armholes. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times, then cast off 12 sts. twice, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. with No. 11 needles, and main colour. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib on first 56 sts. and k. last 12 sts.

Next row.—P. 12. Rib to end. Continue these 2 rows for 3 ins. Change to k. 6, p. 2 rib, but continue to keep the 12 sts. in stocking st. at centre edge, and at same time m. 1 st. at armhole edge on every 4th row until there are 13 increases. Work straight until there are 12 ins. (check with back). K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 8 decreases. Work straight until armhole measures 6 ins. round curve. Cast off 12 sts. at neck. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 39 sts. Work a few rows to make armhole equal back. Cast off 9 sts. at armhole edge 3 times, then cast off 12 sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as left, but place the 12 sts. in stocking st. at opposite edge. After 2nd row, work a buttonhole by starting at the k. 12 edge and k. 2, cast off 3 sts., k. 2, cast off 3. Continue as usual to end of row. (*Continued on page* 64)

MATERIALS : 4 ozs. "Lavenda" 2-ply wool ; No. 10 and No. 12 needles ; 3 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins.
TENSION : 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

CURLED RIB NECK

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 104 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking st., and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 138 sts. (work should measure about 12 ins. up side). Cast on 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work as follows :

1st row.—P. 10, k. twice into next st., k. to within 11 sts., k. twice into next st., p. 10.
2nd row.—K. 10, p. to within 10 sts., k. 10.
3rd row.—K. all.
4th row.—P. all.
5th row.—P. 10, k. to within 10 sts., p. 10.
6th row.—K. 10, p. to within 10 sts., k. 10.
7th row.—K. all.
8th row.—P. all.

Repeat these 8 rows until there are 174 sts.

Work on half the sts. for 1 in., keeping 4 sts. at centre always k. Cast off 10 sts. at outside edge (shoulder). Now cast off 5 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are 22 sts. Work 4 rows all k. Cast off. Return to other 87 sts. and cast on 4 sts. at centre. Keep these sts. always k. and work 1 in., ending at centre. K. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd. (buttonhole), work to end of row. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row (shoulder).

Continue to correspond to other shoulder, and repeat buttonhole every inch (or 1¼ ins.) to make 3 buttonholes, the top one to come in last row but two.

THE FRONT

Work as back until there are 174 sts. Now do not divide the sts. but work 1 in. straight. Cast off 10 sts. at each end. Now work on half the sts. and (*Continued on page* 64)

Sleeping Partners

Light as air, pretty as paint and practical for washing. Slenderella's gossamer-fine self striped cotton (centre) froths with white lace at the neckline, £3 3s. 0d. Right: Sweetheart neck and straps forming puff sleeves. Kayser Bondor's nylon voile with elastic neck and waistline, 79s. 11d. Left: A shawl neck gathers into a pointed waistline. Kayser Bondor's nylon voile 72s. 6d. Two new Warner bras. A shell edged evening type with adjustable straps to form a halter neck and low back. In nylon voile, 35s. 9d. A spot nylon bra, left, delicate for summer with reinforced undercups, 25s. 8d.

Nerves Are Not To Live On

THERE are more people to-day living on their nerves—to use a good old fashioned expression—than ever there were when the phrase was coined. The ordinary daily round produces sufficient evidence to fill a casebook. Look around you in the home-going bus. There is enough energy wasted in fuming at traffic jams and clutching at newspapers to fly a jet plane. Or in the shops. Short tempers both sides of the counter generate enough electricity to make good a power cut.

Causes for nervous strain are not difficult to find in this uneasy era. The disquieting international situation, the protracted winter, the hurly-burly of a mechanized age, all come in for their share of the blame. It is significant that in America, where the pace of life is fast and furious, psychiatrists are booming and their waiting-rooms are packed with jaded nerves, anxiety complexes and neuroses of every kind. Psychiatry seems to be as symptomatic of our time as jet propulsion and nuclear fission.

We may take things a little more quietly, but even in this country there is a disturbing rise in what are becoming known as the stress complaints. Nervous strain is suspected as the root cause of many cardiac and gastric troubles, and is certainly responsible for a lot of nerviness, indigestion and minor ailments which never figure in medical statistics.

Anxiety neurosis is the commonest form of nervous strain. As everyone has something to worry about these days, there is no point in saying "Stop worrying for your health's sake," however sound the advice may be in itself. There is, however, a physical approach to anxiety which makes a practical basis for a campaign against worrying.

If you are physically well, relaxed and rested, you will be less likely to imagine troubles where there are none, and better equipped to deal with real ones. If you cannot stop yourself worrying, at least you can create a state of physical well-being in which anxiety is less likely to get a grip on you.

Adequate rest is essential for building up mental and physical reserves. Not only the quantity of sleep—which is merely a matter of organization—but the quality of sleep is important. There are ways and means of inducing healthful sleep—some patent foods not excepted—and they should all be exploited.

Food contributes, too, or rather the complete assimilation of it. Give the digestion the best chance of getting full nourishment out of the food eaten. Take time over meals. For digestion's sake, it is more essential to make a ritual of a rissole, than a five-course dinner. (*Continued on page 74*)

sunkissed smooth fine textured clear

Nature's Perfumes

PERFUMES based on natural floral or "fruity" scents are particularly appropriate for summer as they remain fresh and coolly fragrant on the hottest day.

Floris, who has specialized in English flower perfumes for over two hundred years, has a complete range of toilet preparations in many authentic flower perfumes, including English Bluebells, Freesia, Honeysuckle, and Sweet Briar. The perfumes are from 15s. a bottle and the matching soap, bath essence and toilet waters are all moderately priced.

The haunting fragrance of lilies of the valley, or Muguet des Bois, by Coty, to give its French name, is a favourite. Muguet des Bois scented toilet preparations create a background aura which can be underlined by the perfume.

Rather more sophisticated, but still a natural perfume, is Blue Grass. Latest addition to Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass sequence are two forms of perfumed deodorant, and a perfumed hair shampoo.

Refreshing on a sultry day are the citrus perfumes. Most glamorous of these "fruity" perfumes are Le Chic by Molyneux and Flèches or Tendres Nuits by Lancôme. Less expensive are Evergreen by Peter Claridge, Goya's Aqua Manda, an aromatic toilet water, and Picot's Overture.

Save Your Face

THERE is no opprobrium attached to face-saving in the cosmetic sense of the word. Any beauty preparation which safeguards the complexion, ameliorates signs of age or disturbances of youth is a face-saver. Here is a survey of some of the best and most recent beauty products which deserve the name.

Excessive dryness is probably the most widespread complexion ill to-day and to trace its cause back to diet deficiencies is interesting but unhelpful. Parched skins are never as smooth as they could be and they lead all too soon to premature ageing. Where accompanied, as it so often is, by super-sensitivity of the skin, dryness cannot be counteracted by the simple application of rich or heavy creams, which are unaccepted by this type of skin. Face-saver number one is a lubricant skin cream, that can be assimilated by the most sensitive, dry skin.

THE next product is a corrective for oily skins in the form of a grease solvent solution. This solution has the power to dissolve the fats which accumulate in the greasy skin and which are the primary cause of blackheads, shiny skin conditions, very enlarged pores and skin blemishes which arise from this condition. Regular treatment with this solution will clear an acute case of blackheads in a week or two. Used beneath the foundation, it will keep the skin clear of superfluous oil which spells ruin to a matt make-up.

The over-oily skin is frequently a problem of youth, but the tired, devitalized face is the prerogative of no particular age group. It is when the skin is looking lack-lustre and sallow, with a suspicion of fatigue lines around the eyes and mouth that one sighs for a salon treatment. A cream type masque which is virtually a salon treatment in itself is a valuable face-saver. In twenty minutes the action of the cream mask will refine the pores, lighten and tone the skin and leave the complexion younger, healthier and clearer.

SOONER or later there comes a moment in every woman's life when she wants to look young again. Nowadays this is not a futile wish but an invitation to try one or other of the several different types of skin rejuvenating preparations now available. There is an entirely new treatment for complexions beginning to show signs of age and some remarkable successes are claimed in combating double chin, heavy jowls, crêpy neck skin, puffiness and wrinkles. The lotion is a clever combination of astringent and emollient properties. It is a blend of rich, restoring oils plus the added firming qualities of special astringent herbs. The lubricant loosens dry surface cuticle and helps to smooth and soften the skin. The astringent helps to firm and brace the skin of face and neck.

Another rejuvenating preparation has recently been imported from France where it is already held in high esteem. The formula is based on the discovery that embryonic elements are a powerful stimulant to the regeneration of tissues and that chicken embryonic extracts are more active than others. This product is not a beauty cream which masks unwelcome wrinkles, but claims to renew the tissues and restore youthfulness to the skin.

COSMETICS which camouflage while not attempting to cure are valuable face-savers. In this category comes a face powder which remains colour-true in wear. It is known that skin secretions have a darkening effect on face powder, but this one overcomes this problem successfully. A new shade of face powder will prove a boon for disguising a florid complexion. It is a pale coffee shade, with a certain green quality about it, which, although not apparent to the eye, accounts for the toning-down effect.

A new protective foundation claims to act as a freckle deterrent while masking any freckles that may already have appeared.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Helping Hands

DEPENDING how you look at it, gloves can be a conventional covering for hands or accessory features of the wardrobe with the ability to round off a good outfit with elegance.

For the moment fashion influence is heavily concentrated on sleeves. Loose ones, billowing ones, big cuffs at elbow level, bracelet lengths and bits of nonsense merely rounding off the shoulders are in favour. With all eyes on sleeves it becomes still more important to bring gloves into an affinity with them. Long or short, coloured or otherwise, gloves must merge with the ensemble as if designed as an integral part of it.

About colour : If gloves are to match the ensemble, the match should be true. Better to use a contrast than an indifferent match. If a contrast is chosen the colour should link with other accessories. Strong contrast colours sometimes give the hands a disjointed look, whereas the eye should travel easily over the whole well-balanced colour picture.

Length is important with sleeves so variable. An uneasy gap between the fringe of glove and sleeve is enough to spoil the best effect. It is not essential that gloves and sleeves should always meet, but the gap should be purposeful and well balanced. Our sketches show some different sleeve and glove lengths in good relationship. The wrist length glove, so popular now, shows a long expanse of arm between glove top and a just-above-the-elbow sleeve. The mid-length sleeve just below the elbow turn is happiest with a glove halfway up the forearm. Cap sleeves take gloves just *below* the elbow, and bare shoulders are shown at ease with above-the-elbow gloves. A bracelet length coat sleeve on the extreme right unites with a three-quarter glove leaving no gap between.

A wardrobe of skin gloves is a costly luxury to-day, but fabrics, lately out of the chrysalis, come to the rescue as elegantly styled and often as well cut as their skin relations. Every wardrobe can be kept in good heart to-day with fabric gloves as up-to-the-minute in fashion as exacting tastes require, and on good terms with limited means.

Photographed at the top: White broderie anglaise, 34/4; Ruched jersey, elbow length, 19/6. *Below*: Black jersey shorties, gold thread embroidered, 20/6

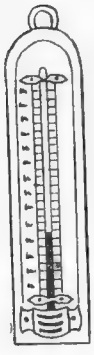
Right: Fine nylon, elbow length, 23/11; black or pastel nylon mesh, 11/9. *Top*: White washable piqué shorties, 14/2. Gloves from Jays of Regent Street

Gloves well chosen and united cleverly with an outfit contribute as much to elegance as any feature of an ensemble. A Fashion Expert on the finer points of glove selection for limited income wardrobes

Hot Weather Appetite

Tempting hot weather food is not always easy to plan. Cold dishes naturally leap to mind. But though these have a place in the summer menus, there is also a need for something light and easy to eat, but hot. Eggs can be introduced up to a point during the summer and the lighter fish dishes make tempting fare. We have also the delicious flavours of varied fruits and vegetables. These recipes are light, yet more substantial than buffet snacks.

Lemon Petal Tarts



The Savouries

COD OR HAKE IN WINE SAUCE

Wash and dry steaks of fish. Chop two mushrooms and a few chives very finely, sprinkle over steaks and season with salt and pepper. Cover steaks with well-buttered paper, place in greased, fireproof dish. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. Serve with wine sauce, garnished with parsley and cucumber. Accompany with new potatoes tossed in butter and chopped parsley.

WHITE WINE SAUCE

Prepare a white sauce with 1 oz. of margarine blended with 1 oz. of flour, seasoned, and ¾ of a pint of fish stock or milk, gradually added. Stir in glassful of white wine and simmer about 15 minutes till thickened, stirring frequently to keep creamy. Cider can be substituted for wine, but use the dry variety, not the sweet kind.

FISH FLORENTINE

Ingredients: 1½ lb. cod, haddock or similar fish; 1 oz. margarine; a squeeze of lemon juice; 1½ to 2 lb. spinach; cheese sauce; ½ oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Remove skin and any bone from fish and cut into portions. Wash, place in a greased, fireproof dish, and sprinkle with salt, pepper and a squeeze of lemon. Put half the margarine in small pats over the top, cover with greased paper, bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes, or until a creamy white substance emerges from the fish. While it is in the oven, cook the spinach and make the sauce.

Pick over the spinach, removing any hard stalk, and wash well. Place in a saucepan with a light sprinkling of salt and no more water than that clinging to the leaves. Cook, with pan covered, for about 10 minutes or till tender. Drain thoroughly and chop finely or press through a sieve. Return to the pan with the rest of the margarine and a shake of pepper, to reheat.

Now prepare a sauce with 1½ oz. margarine, 1½ oz. flour, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. grated cheese, a small shake of cayenne pepper, salt to taste. Melt margarine in a small dry saucepan, stir in the flour, and cook for 5 minutes without browning. Stir in the milk slowly, and bring to boil, stirring. Simmer for 2 or 3 minutes. Add cheese, cayenne and salt, together with any liquor drained from the fish.

Arrange the spinach in a border around the fish, pour the cheese sauce over the fish and sprinkle with grated cheese. Brown under the grill and serve at once.

HERRING SALAD

Cold boiled herrings or tinned herrings in tomato, green salad of lettuce, cucumber, tomato, radish and left-over vegetables such as peas, beans, etc., for border. One hard-boiled egg (or chunks of cream cheese), mayonnaise.

Take away skin and main bones from herrings (if you cut the fish down the middle from head to tail you can lift flesh from the backbone). Place pieces of fish in centre of a glass dish. Cover with mayonnaise, thinned with a little milk. Sprinkle with a few chopped chives and a little grated cheese. Make a border of mixed vegetables and decorate with egg or radish roses. Serve green salad separately.

FISH CORNETS

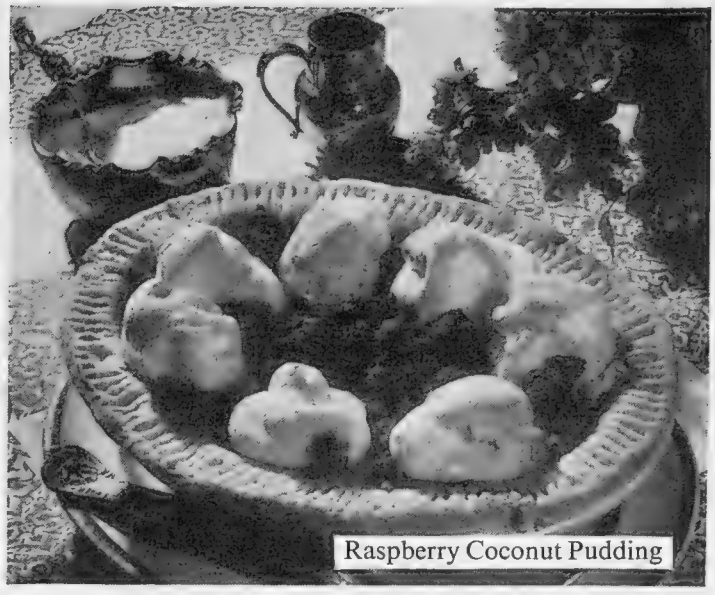
Make short pastry with 3 oz. fat, 2 oz. grated cheese, 8 oz. flour, with a pinch of salt added.

Roll out, cut strips about ½ an inch wide. Grease well some pointed cornet tins. Roll strips round, starting at pointed end, damping edges where (*Continued on page 76*)

Fish Cornets

Cheese and Tomato Scallops

Orchard Delight Cups



Raspberry Coconut Pudding

The Sweets

PRUNE BORDER

MAKE a prune jelly with 1 lb. of cooked prunes chopped very small. Dissolve ¾ oz. of gelatine in the hot prune mixture and add lemon juice and a glass of sherry. Take a cake tin about 8 ins. across; grease and rinse in cold water. Grease a smaller tin about 5 ins. across and stand in the centre of the first tin. Fill the border with the hot prune jelly. When set, remove the small tin and turn out. Fill the centre with a layer of fruit and pile sago cream on the top. To make sago cream, heat ½ pint of milk with 1½ oz. of sugar. Stir in 1½ oz. of sago and the grated rind of half a lemon. Simmer gently till clean and creamy. then stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of thick made custard.

RASPBERRY COCONUT PUDDING

Ingredients: 4 oz. short pastry; 4 oz. coconut; 1 oz. margarine; 1 oz. sugar; 1 egg; 1 gill milk; 1 oz. breadcrumbs; about ½ lb. raspberries.

Simmer the coconut in milk about 20 minutes; add margarine, sugar, crumbs and egg yolk. Line sides of a pie-dish with pastry. Fill with mixture. Bake 30 minutes, in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. Spread top with fruit. Whisk egg white stiffly with dessertspoonful sugar. Sprinkle some sugar on fruit. Pile most of the egg white in little heaps on top of fruit. Colour remaining egg with two or three drops cochineal very faint pink and make pink caps to each heap. Return to low oven for a few minutes to cook meringue.

TOFFEE APPLE PUDDING

Ingredients: 1 lb. apples, weighed after peeling and coring; ½ lb. stoned dates; the grated rind of ½ lemon; 3 tablespoonfuls water; 2 oz. sugar, brown if possible. **Pastry:** 8 oz. plain flour; ½ teaspoonful salt; 4 oz. margarine or cooking fat; cold water to mix.

Sift the flour and salt, rub in the fat and form into a pliable dough with the water. Well grease a 2-pint pie-dish, sprinkle with two-thirds of the sugar and line with two-thirds of the pastry. Slice the apples, and pick over and cut up the dates, and mix with the lemon rind and water. Place the mixture in the lined pie-dish, cover with the remainder of pastry and sprinkle with the rest of the sugar. Cover with a piece of paper, and bake in a moderate oven for about 1¼ hours. Turn out or serve from the dish.

LEMON PETAL TARTS

Ingredients: 8 oz. flour; pinch of salt; 1 tablespoonful Bird's Golden Raising Powder; 4 oz. margarine; water to mix; ½ pint milk; 1 tablespoonful Bird's custard powder; 2 tablespoonfuls sugar; grated rind of 2 lemons; 1 tablespoonful lemon juice.

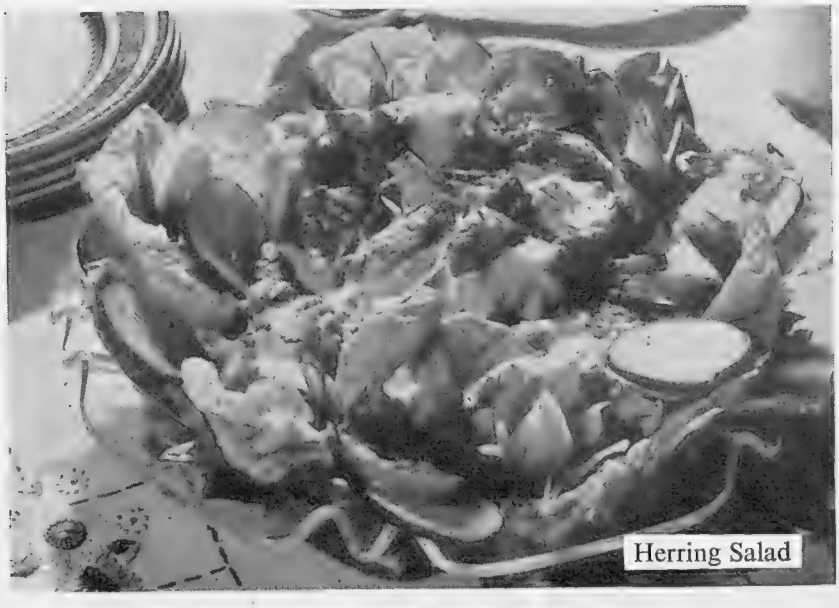
Sieve the flour, salt and Golden Raising Powder and rub in the fat. Add water to give a stiff dough. Roll out and cut into rounds, using a small pastry cutter. Choose deep, straight-sided patty tins and arrange 5 pastry rounds overlapping at the sides, and place one ring of pastry at the bottom of each tin. Brush joins with egg white, if available, or water. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes, until golden brown.

Make ½ pint thick custard and add the sugar, grated lemon rinds and juice. Put a tablespoonful into each petal case and top with a star of cream or mock cream.

ORCHARD DELIGHT CUPS

Ingredients: 2 eggs; ½ pint milk; 1 oz. sugar; ½ packet jelly (Orchard Delight flavour); cream or mock cream; glacé cherries.

(*Continued on page 76*)



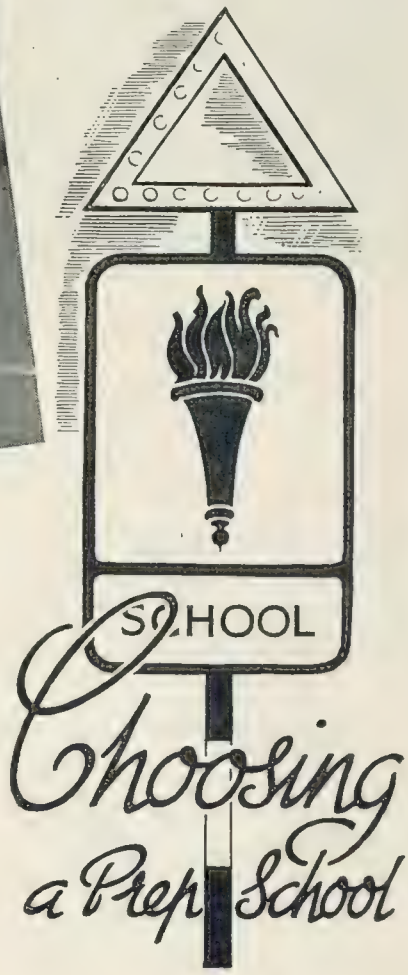
Herring Salad

Dish Of The Month

STRAWBERRIES and cream are the traditional dish of July, but as an alternative to the fruit *au naturel*, here is an American recipe for strawberry chiffon pie. The recipe requires 1½ cups of strawberries, ¾ cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of gelatin, ¼ cup of cold water and ½ cup of boiling water, 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice, 2 egg whites and a little salt.

Wash, hull and slice the strawberries, cover with sugar and let them stand for half an hour. Sprinkle the gelatin over the cold water and let it stand for five minutes before adding boiling water and lemon juice. Stir and strain over the strawberries. Stir well and chill until the mixture begins to thicken. Fold in the egg whites and salt, beaten until stiff but not dry. If possible, fold in up to half a cupful of cream, whipped until stiff. Pour mixture into a baked pastry case, garnish with a few perfect berries and whipped cream if possible.

Weighing the factors when selecting a prep school is not an easy matter for parents with no previous experience of the matter. James Nowell discusses the problem from his inside knowledge as a schoolmaster



Choosing a Prep School

CHOOSING a prep school presents some anxious problems to parents who are doing it for the first time. There are many factors to be weighed, financial and otherwise and guidance on some of the most important points is not a part of any prospectus.

As one who has spent some years on the "other side of the fence," as a master, I can point to certain factors in the weighing up of a school that parents often overlook.

"Atmosphere" can often be sensed by a visit and some inquiries among the local inhabitants of the district who are often quite knowledgeable and frequently proud of a good school in their neighbourhood. If the school is a happy place, without being merely easy-going and slovenly, the locals will usually know of it. If the headmaster and his wife are known and respected it can be taken as a probable indication of a happy set-up.

It is advisable to inquire as to methods of supervision. In the best cases discipline is sound but not repressive and the boys are trained to a certain extent to preserve their own law and order.

There are several different types of prep school, and I exclude the "fashionable" schools which are outside the sphere of interest of average incomes. Some schools have an affiliation with one or other of the big public schools and the boys are prepared for the particular school to which they will pass on at the proper time. At these the fees may be expected to be high. Other prep schools, though not necessarily attached to any public school, concentrate on a high academic record. For a particularly promising and ambitious boy such a one may have advantages, but for the average pupil I can see no point in aiming at such a school for that reason alone.

Similarly some schools make a particular point of sports, but personal views and circumstances alone can dictate whether or not such a school has advantages over one which devotes itself to an all-round education for boys seeking the best equipment for a business or professional career.

Finally, there are the cathedral choir schools (some of which take non-choral pupils as well as singers). These must be considered among the best.

FOR the boy who wins a choral scholarship at eight or nine, fees after the probationary period cost about thirty-five pounds a term instead of sixty. The cultural benefits of such schools are immense. Even as a non-choral pupil without a scholarship the educational benefits of a cathedral choir school are among the best obtainable for the same money. For singers, competition at the annual voice trials is very keen, however.

With the very best motives, parents sometimes make sensational sacrifices to send a boy to a school with a fashionable reputation, but I have observed little advantage to the child, and some discomfiture in lodging him among others whose financial background and social interests are out of scale with his own.

Prospectuses make great play with "fully trained" matron and "graduate masters" but these things alone do not ensure the things a child needs. Kindly competence in a matron, teaching ability and sympathetic judgment in a master are more important in the long run. The best matron I ever knew was untrained.

So far as the school building is concerned, the grandeur and extensiveness of the building is less important than an air of homeliness. I have known specially built schools which were sadly barrack-like and well converted houses which came much nearer to comfort.

An asphalt playing ground (in addition of course, to a field) is an essential. A library and silent reading-room are equally important. There are schools with neither. A gymnasium is a decided advantage but not an absolute essential. A swimming pool is simply a pleasant luxury.

In assessing a school, a first concern must be the "extras" which, in some cases, prove more formidable than the hard-pressed parent has anticipated at the start.

School uniforms are indispensable, but many schools are trying to reduce the range of essential clothes. The attitude of the headmaster on this point should be ascertained at the start.

A very important factor is the care taken of the boys' clothes during term. This is the province of the headmasters' wife and on a preliminary visit to the school cautious parents will inquire about measures taken for care and repair during term. Conditions vary from one school to another, but a conscientious headmaster's wife can make a great difference to the outlay for clothes each term.

Among extras there are such things as boxing, music and woodwork. Some schools even charge stationery as an extra. I cannot approve of that, but boxing is worth encouraging. Well taught it can have a most salutary effect on the boys' outlook and character. It develops courage and physical and emotional self-control to an (*Continued on page* 64)

ENDEARING . . . ENDURING . . .

the loveliness of lingerie in

'Celanese' TRADE MARK

FABRICS

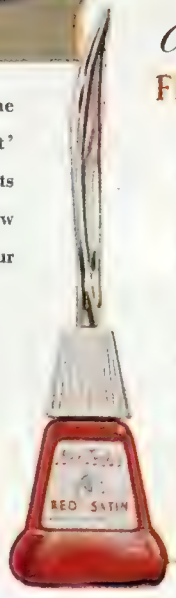
AT LAST! Sensationally New Satin Smooth Nail Enamel by MAX FACTOR

AT LONG LAST, Max Factor Hollywood brings you a Nail Enamel that has all the exclusive features *you've always wanted* but *never found before!* An instant 'hit' amongst Hollywood's loveliest screen stars . . . years of research have gone into its making . . . because it had to be *better than the best!* Each exquisitely beautiful new shade is a flattering FINGERTIP FASHION that *harmonizes perfectly* with your Max Factor Hollywood Lipstick and *smartly accents* whatever costume you wear.

Created for the Stars—AND YOU

by Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

Obtainable from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.



Choose Your Flattering
FINGERTIP FASHION

from these Smartest, Most Becoming Colour Harmony Shades You've Ever Worn.

RED SATIN · BLUE SATIN
ROSE SATIN · FLAME SATIN
PINK SATIN

Also BLUSH SATIN for most occasions and CLEAR SATIN for a gleaming natural finish.

And of course, there's Satin Smooth Nail Enamel Remover.

Napoleon's Market is on the Way Out

(*Continued from page* 16)

let us to the present; let us to "The Quiet Father."

IF some Parisians will miss Les Halles in a nostalgic sense, foreign tourists should miss them more—for have not generations of them finished their all-night Parisian round with a dish of onion soup at dawn by the Central Markets? "The Quiet Father," now poshed up, will always be the symbol of that fragrant bowl for me.

The mission of the Belly of Paris is that of feeding all Parisians except those on the outer fringes, who have their own organizations. Say, Les Halles feeds from two-and-one-half to three million people. Foodstuffs untold converge on the market from midnight on, from all the surrounding countrysides, many of them famous for their fertility. When this traffic was horse-drawn, twenty miles out may have been the farthest point of departure. But to-day, with roaring motor-lorries, this point may be as far as fifty or sixty miles away. Without doubt, the internal-combustion engine saved latter-day Paris from going hungry, as the capital multiplied inordinately from a variety of causes.

Les Halles cover an area of about 90 acres and require to be envisaged in two distinct spheres. At their heart is the vast official market composed of Napoleon's ten iron sheds. These are supervised by the Government and under their roofs is done the big business in meat, fish, dairy produce, poultry and game, fruit, vegetables, flowers, and so forth.

The second sphere, called the farmers' market, is an affair solely of private enterprise and spreads up all the side-streets, many of which recall Old Paris not only by their names, but by their tortuosities, odours, cries, and even faces. Along these streets are to be seen mounds of foodstuffs unloaded from wagons which then back into place beside the trucks of retailers, the principal clients—though any early morning bird or housewife may buy direct, if not before the opening bell at 5 a.m.

Long ere then, from midnight on, the thousands of farmers with their wives and women who compose the farmers' market, have been arriving awheel, to be assigned by the police to places in certain streets, each of which has been traditionally reserved for generations to specific farming areas around the capital. Thus is a little order brought into things, though you wouldn't notice it. A typical Paris scene follows. The streets are brilliantly lit, and, their produce stacked for sale, the farmers and their womenfolk settle down to an hour-after-hour vigil.

If you like bargains, or dislike being fleeced, it is no use going near them until several selling hours have passed, when their voices are giving and they are showing signs of distress in other directions. Then will prices fall, and cries grow shriller, as French determination mounts, not to be left with any of a load. But—remember! Others, a host of others, have been there before you, and no early birds ever got the pick more than Parisians buying in the farmers' market, where they are allowed to pick out a specific potato at a stall.

Over to the official markets under those sheds—

I suppose the meat market is the *pièce-de-résistance*, though I preferred the fish and the flowers in juxtaposition.

The meat sheds are the home of the Strong Men, *les forts*, who are the leading human exhibits—though they don't like being looked at a bit, and woe unto you if you get in their way as they weave through the throng, carrying loads of carcase-meat on their shoulders, which would trouble a Mr. Doyle. A *fort* has to win a license, and to win one of seven hundred, he must be able to carry a 400-lb. load on his back for 100 metres. He does so in a loping half-trot, using warning language of no mean order. But the gem is to watch him park his carcase-meat neatly and as without effort on a hook at destination. And so back to his wagon for another 400 lb. of veal, beef, pork—I'm not sure if mutton isn't left to lesser mortals.

Les forts take copious swigs of red wine while at work, and sweat and sweat, and swear and swear—though you may not hear them unless you cock an ear, so great is the hubbub. They labour from 6 a.m. to midday. So as to thin out the concourse, each official market has its own opening bell. Thus, meat is at six, fish at seven, and something else at half-past. Fruit and vegetables are the earliest openers—at 5 a.m.—followed closely by dairy produce.

The Queen of the Fish Market this year is Jacqueline Prunier. She drove through Paris on the top of an old-fashioned *diligence*.

It used to be a provincial complaint that too much fish went to Paris. Well, it doesn't derive only from French waters, as Les Halles will show. England (haddock, herring, kippers) is represented beside Africa (lobsters), and Holland beside Scandinavia (both frozen ocean fish). Parisians consider French sole to be the top, though what about grilled fresh sardines at half the price? Anyway, all are here in odoriferous commingling with mimosa and violets next door, and perhaps, a faint dash of Brie from farther away.

THE flower market always puts me in mind of mimosa. There was once a rage for mimosa in Paris—back in the early twenties. People even *slept* in mimosa, which, I always thought, must have been conducive to wakefulness. However, at Les Halles here is the mimosa leading the flowers of the southlands, in profusion, if not in popularity. That is now reserved for the tulips. The flower market is sharply divided between merchants who sell flowers from the Midi, and those who draw on northern France.

The dollar shortage has had its effect *aux Halles*, as in most other places. Such things as oranges, apricots, pineapples and bananas used to be bought with dollars; now French Africa has stepped in. Similarly, France has turned to Belgium, Spain and Italy for special vegetable forms (Belgian endive is a great winter favourite).

You have lots of time in which to see Les Halles. When they do go, they will only do so piecemeal. You can't move the Belly of Paris all in one piece.

Where will they go; My guess is somewhere on the Orleans side. But, of course, they'll never be the same again in their new site. That's what sets some merchants and wholesalers sadly shaking their heads. They'll miss the *ambiance* of their centuries-old restaurants and cafés, which were home to their forbears and home to themselves.

END

What Price The Penny Press?

(*Continued from page* 20)

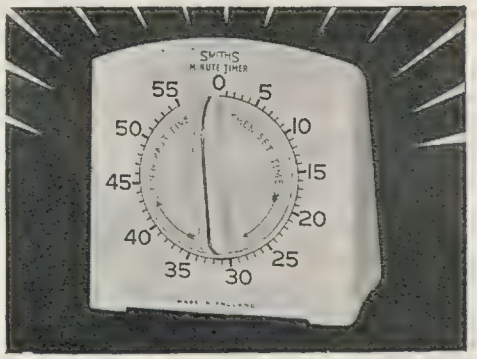
(1900), then owned by Arthur Pearson, and in 1904 the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* reduced their prices to a halfpenny, too. For a few halcyon years, when war was still far away and newsprint as plentiful as meat, and rations of anything were unknown, a halfpenny continued to buy as generous a news-sheet as the fortunate Edwardians could want; and then the upheavals of the second decade forced the prices up to a penny (2d. for *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Morning Post*).

And now 1½d., 2d., and even 3d. Will the popular Press ever come down to 1d. again? One might as well ask: Will the world ever settle down to peace and order again? The answer is shrouded in the mists of the future. But if ever one penny pays for even a four-page newspaper again, it will seem as if the good old days are returning in one respect at least.

Alfred Never Worries Now

PING! IT'S DONE!

Nobody need get the blame now for forgetting 'what's cooking'. Smiths 'PINGER' times everything to the exact minute with its loud melodious PING! Essential in the kitchen, there is no end to the PINGER'S other uses, and it saves its cost in a few weeks. Buy one and you'll quickly wonder how you ever did without it. Beautifully made in every detail and robust to a degree. Smiths 'PINGER' Timer is available from Jewellers and Stores everywhere.



SMITHS

'PINGER' TIMER 19/6 FREE OF TAX

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD.
SECTRIC HOUSE · LONDON · N.W.2
The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

Lixen
the
good-natured
laxative
Lixen

In Liquid Form 2/10, 5/4
Lozenges in Bottles 2/6
From Chemists only
Made by ALLEN & HANBURYS LIMITED
L69M

Where infection lurks

In the toilet especially, Zoflora is almost a necessity. Sprayed on the walls, floor and seat, its germicidal properties are a protection even as its fragrance freshens the air.

Zoflora
Perfumed **DISINFECTANT**
TZ16
2/- per Bottle: or complete spraying outfit 10/-
From your chemist or direct from the makers.
THORNTON & ROSS LTD.
HUDDERSFIELD

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

POST your FILMS to WILL R. ROSE LTD

23 BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER
133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

and get
'MAGNA PRINTS' (Regd)

There are over 90,000 Receiving Stations—your nearest pillar box is one of them!

The Forest's Changing Face

(*Continued from page 25*)

character. That is, they are too much alike and the general effect is dull. Most people are not accustomed to observing or appreciating stands of growing timber: they look at individual trees, and, in the past, the individual trees of the forests were more varied and romantic to look at. Less than a hundred years ago the ideal tree was still a great spreading oak, not very tall, but with vast crooked branches which would yield the "knee timber" required by shipbuilders.

But the navy's strength is no longer founded on oak, and the country's strength has been developed on industry—which needs the already-mentioned straight, knot-free timber for a thousand different purposes. (It has been said that the quality of our railways is partly due to the tracks being laid on sleepers of Scots pine—though some other kinds of timber are also used.)

Clearly, we cannot have it both ways. If we wish to be a business and industrial nation of over 40,000,000 people, we must manage our forests in a business-like way, and not leave them "natural," to produce barely one-quarter of a proper crop—though that might have been good enough when we were a rural nation of under 10,000,000 people. To-day we must grow trees, instead of merely letting them grow.

Incidentally, not everyone was pleased by the old conditions in the old times. Now, we are always hearing about forests displacing sheep or spoiling scenery, but then there was friction between the corn-growers and the foresters who wanted to grow oak for the navy. For both corn and oak demand the best soils. The conflict has changed because the land now relegated to forestry (yes, "relegated" is the right word) is mostly poor land unfit for corn but possibly useful for sheep—or for national parks!

Most of the people who complain about the new look of our forests, and especially about the planting of conifers, conveniently forget some important dry-as-dust figures. Ten years ago Britain was using over ninety per cent of softwood or conifer timber to under ten per cent of hardwood or broad-leaved timber, and much over ninety per cent of all timber used was imported. We are now a much poorer people, less able to buy from abroad, and it is necessary that we should improve our present position, which is at the bottom of the list of European nations, the United Kingdom being the country with the smallest proportion of its land devoted to forests and timber production. So we must exchange more of the "Wind on the heath, brother," for "Down in the forest."

Forestry may be slow (it takes much longer to make a tree than a car or a ship!) but it is not static, and the present new look of the forests will gradually change with the growth of the trees and alterations in planting policy. Though conifers are dominant in most forests, far more other trees are grown than some critics suggest. In the State forests alone over 3,439,000 beech trees were planted in the last forest year for which full figures are available (1949). Beech, which incidentally yields the timber required for women's shoe heels, though the timbermen have an ungallant saying that wood and women won't mix, is being increasingly used for making plywood. Other "plywood trees" include birch (good also for furniture, car bodies and cotton reels), sycamore (furniture, mangle-rollers and brushbacks) and poplar (flooring and matchsticks).

Nor is oak neglected, for the State recently planted more than 2,000,000 oak trees in one season. But oak must have (forgive the repetition) really good soil. We still retain, after two timber-consuming wars, a surplus of low-grade oak from ill-sited nineteenth-century plantations, though we have to import the finer quality oak needed to make staves for beer barrels.

Two trees have virtually disappeared from the forests because of the attacks of insect pests: the Weymouth pine and the European silver fir. The European larch is less used than in the past.

But various American trees are much more used. The tallest trees in Britain are American Douglas firs, about 180 feet high, and the heaviest stands of timber are composed of other western American trees. The Sitka spruce, which foresters consider to be the most important of all trees, comes from the extreme north-west of America: Sitka itself is in Alaska. The well-known western red "cedar" and the beautiful hemlock also come from the Far West. By way of contrast, as another possible "coming" tree for British forests, there is the London plane, a hybrid first noticed at Oxford about 1675. This yields excellent timber for furniture, but little is known as yet about its behaviour when it is grown in plantations specially for timber.

Changing methods of sylviculture, and that includes changing mixtures and changing species, alter the appearance of forests even as new fashions in clothes change the appearance of a human crowd. But foresters must give more attention than dress designers to facts and utility, and less to fancy and ornament, for forestry is the science of growing whatever timber is needed. And if anyone complains that the trees in a modern forest are straight, a forester may reply, "That's just too bad . . . er . . . by the way, how much knotty oak and crooked birch do you want next month, and how much will you pay for it?"

END

English Treasure House

(*Continued from page 28*)

book on Gothic architecture will enable one to gauge with some accuracy to which of the chief styles—Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Early English, Decorated or Perpendicular—the building belongs. The windows—not the lights—but the stonework and the doors, are among the most reliable guides.

The primary purpose of a church was of course for worship. Into it the builders put all the skill they had for the Glory of God. The stones, accurately cut and sometimes carved, the frescoes, the elaborate carved woodwork, and the stained glass windows, were all made by artist-craftsmen.

But the older churches were built in troublous times, and another great purpose of them was defence. When danger threatened the inhabitants of the parish, and their animals, were able to take shelter within its sturdy walls. Some churches even had a drawbridge over a moat, which could be drawn up, and the tower of the church was pierced with lancet windows through which archers could shoot their arrows. One such "parochial fortress" is at Clymping, in Sussex, where the grooves through which the drawbridge slid can still be seen.

Other warlike signs are sometimes found on church doors pitted with bullet holes. At Chedzoy, in Somerset, the buttresses of the church are worn into hollows, by the scythes of Monmouth's men, who sharpened them there before the battle of Sedgemoor.

The church was the centre not only of the religious life of the parish, but also of its social life. There were no village halls, and parish meetings were held in the church porch; practically all porches have seats. The maypole was stored in the church, and where there was no convenient village green the churchyard was used for maypole dancing. Fives was played (*Continued on page 58*)

Maximum U.K. prices: 33'9 per bottle, 17'7 half bottle, 9'2 qtr. bottle, 3'7 miniatures

Yes, YOU want a Braemar sweater— so do thousands of American women

BUT . . . the horrid truth is that, though more Braemars are being made now than ever before, there still aren't enough—not nearly enough—for everyone who hankers after them. Only about 20% of the American women who want Braemar get Braemar. So you see, you're in good company when you can't find a Braemar for yourself. Not that *that's* much comfort when you think how gorgeously fine and soft Braemars are . . . how they're shaped and designed with an eye to fashion . . . how they're finished . . . how they fit . . . how dazzlingly lovely their colours are. Oh, well, let's not go *on* about it. You *may*—you just *may*—be one of those fortunates who find one.

BRAEMAR

INNES, HENDERSON & COMPANY LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

DUFRAIS
Special VINEGARS
DUFRAIS & CO. LTD., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH RD., LONDON, S.W.8

among the buttresses. The bells and coats worn by the morris dancers were kept in the church. With no clocks the mass dial—still often to be seen on the church wall—gave time to the village. A news stand was often set up in the churchyard, taking the place of the local paper. The stocks and pillory often stood in the churchyard, and still do, as for instance at Leonard Stanley, in Gloucestershire. Women were churched in the porch; coroners' inquests were held there; penitents did penance, standing in a white sheet by the church door.

Some of our oldest pictures are frescoes, painted on the walls of a church. All too many have been whitewashed and destroyed, but a few remain. Excellent examples are at Hardham, near Arundel, in Sussex. These pictures still show the wonderful colours in which they were originally painted. It is difficult to realize now how gay our churches were before the Puritans set to work to remove all colour and decoration from them. The images of saints were always painted, as was also the rood screen.

Untold damage was done to the magnificent stained glass windows in many churches. In some the broken bits have been pieced together giving a gorgeous kaleidoscopic effect.

Down the centuries the clothes of the congregations have changed year by year. We have in the churches themselves records of the clothes worn by our ancestors. A marble tomb may show the Lord of the Manor and his Lady, the sculptor carving in full detail the elaborate dress of the period. Sometimes a husband and wife face one another, kneeling, their children behind them. By a curious convention all children who died in infancy carry skulls in their hands. Children with their eyes open were alive when the monument was put up, those with closed eyes were already dead. Knights in full armour give a true picture of the armour worn at particular periods. Brasses, too, show the differing styles of dress for both sexes. Many busts are true likenesses of the persons portrayed, and are most valuable, being more durable than canvas and paint.

Church windows are full of local history. Most of them give details of the persons to whose memory they are dedicated. In a number of modern windows secular subjects are depicted. At Binton scenes from Captain Scott's polar expedition are shown in the lights. At Lindfield, in Sussex, a window dedicated to an old nurse by her "children" has in one corner a tiny mouse—"mouse" being her nickname.

Before the introduction of organs, musical instruments of various kinds were used in church—among them bassoons and violins. For this reason some churches have a minstrels' gallery. A few barrel organs may still be seen in churches.

There was, of course, no central heating in the church, but comfort for the squire and his family was provided by the building of square room-like pews, with fireplaces. At Minster, in the New Forest, the church has actually *two* of these cosy little rooms!

Visitors to Abbot's Ann Church are sometimes puzzled by the white gloves and wreathes hanging from the roof of the church. These were carried on the coffins of young girls who died unmarried.

There are other curious "furnishings" to be noticed by those who "poke around" the church. A chained bible—a reminder of the cost of books; dog tongs, for the removal of dogs by the beadle; a case of feathers at Pewsey Church, reputed to have been dropped there by the Archangel Gabriel; fonts with staples, so that they could be padlocked, and witches thus prevented from stealing the holy water.

It has been said that churches are more or less built on the same pattern. But there are here and there some quite different. St. Agnes', at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, has a thatched roof, and looks at first glance like a large cottage. St. Peter's, Maldon, in Essex, instead of the usual four-square tower has a triangular one—no one seems to know why. While various churches, among them Brooklands, have detached belfries.

There is, indeed, no end to the many and curious things to be discovered in the exploration of old churches.

END

Never *MAKE* your child eat

Mother—when your child refuses good food at mealtimes, seems mopey and irritable—don't blame the youngster, and certainly don't try to make him eat. So often lack of appetite is simply due to constipation.

The sure, quick way to cleanse the little one's system is 'California Syrup of Figs'. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

Soon you will find your kiddie's constipation has gone, and the tiresome mood with it—a healthy appetite is back again; it's a joy to have the youngster about the house. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

Father Knows Best

(*Continued from page 27*)

the club. They say the General's about had it with Tom."

"Tom's hopeless."

"But such a charmer."

"I suppose so. It's fatal to be too forgivable. It's all right in a boy, but not when he grows up like it."

"You're probably the only girl that ever really slapped him down."

Eunice stood still. She felt crimson. Even though it had happened ten years ago; a thing that had happened to millions of girls of twenty before and since.

"Who on earth told you that?" she said.

"Tom, of course."

"How could he? When?"

"One night we were being a bit sentimental. Ages ago. Before I was married, of course."

"Really, he's the end."

"But why? He only said he made a pass at you, and you told him where he got off. That's no discredit to you."

"I expect he thought it was."

"No, honestly. He didn't blame you a bit. Though he didn't even begin to understand why you wouldn't."

"Poor Tom," Eunice said, getting control of herself again. "He never would."

Sally started towards a gingham-curtained tea-shop called "Pat's Pantry."

"Come and have tea at the gossip-shop. I've got to wait for George."

"I must get back to the office. Daddy'll be muttering."

"Tell him someone from every lawyer's office should spend tea-time out getting the lowdown on the natives."

"We get that in the office without hunting for it. Daddy looks positively gloomy when he hears of anyone being nice."

"All right. Go and be a career girl. Are you going to the Hanbury-Lythwoods' tennis on Sunday? Tom was saying he'll be there."

"I might. But I don't know if I can."

The clock overhead on the old stone market-hall struck four. Nervous already, Eunice started almost guiltily.

"Sally, I must fly. G'bye."

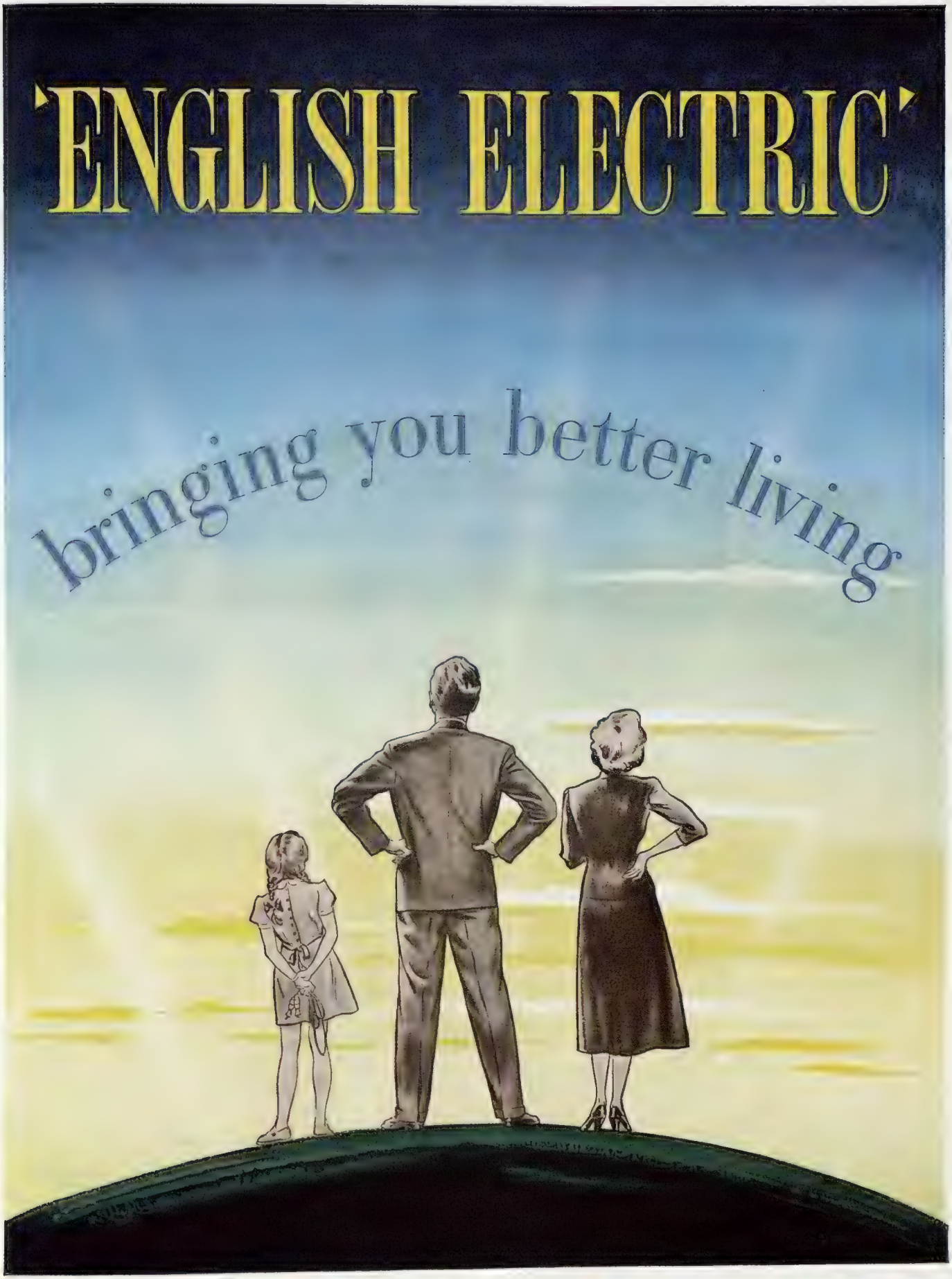
She cut across the Square, down a lane where half-timbered gables almost met overhead and out to a serene terrace of Georgian brick houses overlooking the closely mown churchyard. There, in an atmosphere of security and tradition, Bordens had had their office for six generations. Probate, conveyancing, settlements, trusts. No divorce, or crime, or county court suits.

Because Eunice had no brother her father, old Hanmer Borden, had decided for her that she was going to be a solicitor. Absurd to let five thousand a year go out of the family when he died. Feeling very inadequate, Eunice had come back from the W.R.N.S. after the war and started to learn. Now she was just qualified, a little proud, but still more shy about it. The things you had to discuss with the county's oldest families.

Across the churchyard she could see Tom's unmistakable old car, outside the office of another solicitor, Graham Babcock. Babcock was said to be clever, but he was not fashionable like the Bordens: he would handle almost anything. So Tom had not gone out of town yet, he'd only made an excuse to escape. Anyone would think she chased the man, instead of being curled up in shyness whenever she had to meet him. She wondered what he was doing at Babcock's. Sally had hinted that he might be in a mess of some kind. Not that he was often out of one.

She ran up the office stairs. Old Wright, the managing clerk, inclined his high, shiny forehead towards her as she passed him in the corridor.

(*Continued on page 61*)



ELECTRICITY – the modern way to make life easier

All that's best in Britain...

The Regimental drums . . . . . we can almost hear their throb across the vast parade ground . . . To-day, as in the past, the craftsman works with unerring skill to preserve in bold colour the names of battles fought long ago . . . . in the same way the skill of past engineers is carried on in the products of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design " all that's best in Britain."

The Standard Vanguard

Manufactured by
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY
London: 37, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.
Telephone: MAYfair 5011.

STANDARD CARS • TRIUMPH CARS • STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES • FERGUSON TRACTORS

"Mr. Borden was asking for you, Miss Eunice," he said, not quite reproachfully.

Eunice tapped on her father's door and waited till he called, "Come in. Come in, can't you."

He looked up from a draft of a lease as she came in.

"Hallo, my dear."

"Mr. Wright said you were asking for me."

"I wasn't. I asked him what you were doing, in case you'd got something you needed any help with. Old Fertility's a fusser."

Eunice started to back away quietly. She knew the mood her father was in when he referred to the managing clerk as Fertility Wright. Forty-five years ago a very young Mr. Wright had been sued by a girl he would have married but for Hanmer Borden's ruthless advice. As the girl had been bad before and turned out worse afterwards, Hanmer could claim that Wright was well out of it for a few shillings a week. But his unshockable cynicism was always rather more than Eunice could swallow. At seventy he would genially admit only three reasons why anyone did anything : greed, fright and girls.

"See anyone while you were out?" Hanmer asked, polishing his glasses.

"Sally, and Tom Logan."

"If I were Sally's husband I might be jealous of that young man. If you'd got any public spirit, my dear, you'd take him off her." His old eyes crinkled as if he thought it a great joke. Eunice did not.

The telephone buzzed quietly on Hanmer's desk. He picked up the receiver and said : "General Logan?" Eunice had been meaning to go, but stayed to listen. "Yes. But keep him waiting five minutes." He looked up. "Talk of the devil. What'll you bet me young Tom hasn't forged his father's signature on a cheque?"

"Tom's an awful ass, but I don't think he's a crook, Daddy."

"You never know. Not with any of us. I wouldn't trust myself with the poor-box if I was hungry."

Shut in her own room Eunice tried to believe that her father could ever imagine himself being hungry. She was angry because she was afraid of him, afraid of his piercing acceptance of everyone's worst instincts. He was not unkind, but he made every intimate, precious dream seem cheap. He was old; perhaps the barrier between them was her fault, but she could not help it. It was all right for a client to confide in him without keeping anything shameful back. But his daughter couldn't. Not that she had anything shameful to confide.

But then, if he knew the truth about her he would probably think her a prig. Perhaps she was only a prig. Ten years ago, just before Tom had gone away to fight. Perhaps if Tom would only get rid of that old M.G. it would not still be so vivid. It oughtn't to be still vivid, it oughtn't to matter. A passing whim in Tom, one of dozens : for her a girl's romantic excitement, and sudden fright, and a considerable success for the way they had brought her up. Except that they'd led her to believe you could say "No" like a little lady and any gentleman would respect you ever after. They hadn't said that you might be frozen with panic and half hysterical and say unforgivable things and feel like a rotten little cheat afterwards, and not be respected at all but treated very gently, humiliatingly gently, by a maddeningly attractive man who obviously thought you weren't fit to be out without a nurse. And they hadn't said that when you met the man again after working halfway round the world and five years in uniform you'd still love him and still be afraid to look at him, and he'd treat you as if you were a plain, jolly aunt, when he had to pay you any attention at all.

Eunice took up her telephone and asked for Mrs. Hanbury-Lythwood. "I'm sorry, Lucy," she said, "I can't possibly come on Sunday. Will it put your numbers out?"

"Not a bit. I'm terribly sorry you can't come. I always knew your father would overwork you. But it'll level our numbers because Tom Logan's just cried off. I'm worried. He didn't say he was ill. But he didn't sound a bit like himself."

Eunice did not expect to hear from her father whether General Logan had come to talk about Tom. Hanmer kept some confidences that even Mr. Wright did not know about. But during the next few days rumours began to go round the town. Tom was not to be seen in his usual haunts, though he was in the town, on various surreptitious visits, and out again without talking to anyone. The tea-shops, the pubs, the cattle-market, and the church were full of people ready to guess at what they did not know about the county's bad boy. It was certain that Tom had had a row with his father. Beyond that, suggestion ran a bit wild. Eunice refused to listen and spent days of misery pretending not to be interested.

Sally Patchett first gave her what sounded like the facts. Eunice had let herself be tempted from the office for tea at Pat's Pantry. Fretfully she searched Sally's eyes for a hint of malice, which she knew was unfair because whatever the town was saying there was not a scrap of malice in Sally.

"It seems," Sally said, "that some rather spivvy person let Tom sell a car for him because Tom knew the right man to sell it to. Then the spivvy person went off on what he called business that meant leaving no address and Tom was left with far too much money in cash. Tom had fixed to go to Newmarket with a bit of a blonde and when he'd had a couple of losers that ought to have won and paid for the outing he borrowed some of the spiv's car money to get square with."

"And made it worse?"

"Too true. He was lucky there was only six races."

"How much?"

"He asked George to lend him two hundred. We couldn't have raised twenty."

"Two hundred ! Oh, my Lord."

"You've not got it?"

"My dear, Daddy's only just started to pay me the smallest possible wages." Eunice checked herself suddenly. She'd been almost beginning to discuss the possibility of her lending Tom money.

"I suppose your father wouldn't possibly help?"

"Daddy? Not an earthly. He's General Logan's solicitor. If Tom's father won't help, Daddy couldn't. Anyway he's such a cynic he probably thinks it a tremendous joke."

"It's no joke for Tom."

"But surely he can raise it."

"I don't know. He only gets his screw farming the place for his father, and that's six months overdrawn. I suppose he's got a few cuff-links and a gun he could sell. But that's not what'll break him. It's just what Tom said himself the other day : 'Play our rules, or to hell with you.' That's why his father's so angry. You mustn't deal with people like this spiv. And then to bilk the spiv !"

"What's the spiv doing?"

"Nothing yet. Tom's stalling. Saying the purchaser hasn't come across with all the money. But when he finds out—it won't matter after that if Tom pays back every penny. The spiv will have raised a stink and all the people who know the right people will do the rest."

"Will General Logan let it get to that."

"So Tom says."

"He's asked for it. He really has."

"Can't you ever forgive him. He's terribly fond of you."

"Rubbish. He bolts into the nearest pub as soon as he sees me. I think you're just sloppy about him."

"Of course I am. I don't say I'd sell my engagement ring to help him. I had to promise George he could have it back if we got broke ourselves. Couldn't you get your father to talk to the General?"

"Me tell Daddy how to treat a client !"

"No, I suppose not. Oh well, Tom's got another twenty-four hours. He'll probably work something. He's a wonderful person."

They shared the (*Continued on page* 62)

A special laxative for the less active

Many people in their middle and later years require a laxative designed to meet the needs of a less active life. For them a special laxative has been prepared — 'Mil - Par' *, a balanced combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

with a selected grade of

'MEDICINAL PARAFFIN'

The antacid-laxative action of 'Milk of Magnesia'*, allied to the lubricant properties of Medicinal Paraffin, provide in 'Mil-Par' a welcome solution to the regularity problem of the middle-aged. It is also particularly suitable for convalescents and invalids, as in all cases where it is essential to avoid undue straining. The gentle and effective action of 'Mil-Par' has led to its wide recommendation by the medical profession.

'MIL-PAR' REGD.

A balanced laxative for effortless regularity

* *The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia' are the registered trade marks of The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Limited*

Thousands of intelligent mothers every day, all over the world, buy

Kiddicraft

'SENSIBLE' TOYS

Designed by Hilary Page

SENSITIVE SKIN needs

Every wash with Cuticura is a tonic beauty treatment. The medicated lather cleans, refreshes and beautifies.

Cuticura SOAP

SELLING JEWELLERY?

HAYES the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers offer the following RECORD PRICES

£5-£75, Cultured Pearl Necklaces.
£10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases.
£15-£75, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays.
£15-£250, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings.
£5-£35, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains.
£3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies.
£5-£1,000 for One, Two, Three or Five Stone Diamond Rings.

Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets and Ear-rings, etc.

Valuations by Qualified Expert
(Fellow Gemmological Association)

If you cannot call personally send your parcel by REGISTERED POST. It will be quite safe, and you will receive an immediate Cash Offer with no obligation to sell.

M. HAYES & SONS LTD.
106 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1
HOLborn 8177

Smooth away frown lines while you *relax*—with SCOWLIES. Simply moisten one of these scientifically composed pads and apply it to the "nerve centre" between your eyebrows: as it dries, it acts like a cool finger gently caressing away fatigue and relaxing your tension, leaving the skin soft and fresh. Wear a SCOWLIE while you sleep, when under the drier, while reading or writing. From Boots and other chemists, 5/- for a month's supply. In case of difficulty in obtaining SCOWLIES (or if you want a scientific analysis of your skin and a specially planned beauty routine) call at the Maria Hornés Salon.

16, DAVIES ST., LONDON, W.1 • *MAYfair* 2823
Also Paris, New York, Montreal

tea-bill; Sally went into a call-box saying she must telephone her husband; Eunice went slowly back towards the office and when she got there walked three times round the church pretending to look at historic gravestones. She only succeeded in reminding herself of the tradition and privilege and self-assurance of social caste, and of how little mercy Tom could expect. He'd have to go away and not come back for years. Perhaps never.

Decisively she went into the office and straight to her father's room. But decision was wavering before she started to speak. "Daddy, would you think me frightfully extravagant if I asked for a hundred and fifty of my pay in advance?"

"How much?" he said, giving her no chance to judge whether he was surprised.

"A hundred and fifty, please, Daddy." She had fifty already that she could not spare. But it would have to go. She was not going to say "two hundred" in case General Logan had told him the story. He was too shrewd.

"Yes, very extravagant. What d'you want? A new fur, to celebrate?"

"I'd been thinking about it," which was dishonest, though literally true. She had been thinking about a new coat until half an hour ago.

Hanmer took out his cheque-book and began to write. Eunice sat beside him, trembling. It had been as easy as that. But the next part was going to be much worse. She still did not know whether she could face it.

"How would you like to pay it off?" he said.

"Ten pounds a month, if that's all right."

"No. You can't afford it. Make it five."

"Thank you, Daddy."

He passed her the cheque—"You're not a fool," he said. "I don't mind if it's something you really want." For once there was no cynicism in his smile.

The barrier between them seemed for the moment to be down and she felt ashamed that she was deceiving him. She got behind him quickly so that he should not see her face, kissed the top of his head, and slipped away.

It was going to be much more difficult to offer the money to Tom. He might have raised it somewhere else, he might refuse to take it. In a panic she imagined what he must think she wanted in return. She could give the money to Sally and ask her to pretend it came from George. But Sally was in love with Tom, too. No, that was too much, even though Sally was her best friend.

There was half an hour before she could properly leave the office. By the end of it she had done no work but she had made up her mind. She got Tom's telephone number, and while it rang almost prayed that after all he would not be at home.

"Tom Logan," he said. He had that knack of sounding pleased to hear you even before he knew who you were: even though, to-day, he must be very unsure what a telephone call might threaten.

"It's Eunice. Can you sell me some eggs? I'm putting some down."

"All you want, old thing. How many?"

"Could you spare five dozen?"

"Easy."

"Could I come and fetch them now, if it wouldn't be a nuisance?"

"Not a bit. I'll have 'em packed ready."

"Tom," she hesitated. "Tom, will you be there when I come?"

"You bet. Holding out my hand for the egg-money." She did not dare ask Hanmer whether he could spare their car and telephoned to hire one.

Tom's girl was still boxing the eggs when Eunice arrived. "Let's not stand over her," Tom said. "We'll only fuss the kid and make her drop them." And he took Eunice to admire the new pigs. Eunice did not know what to say about pigs and still less what to say about the money. She had never been able to hint towards an awkward subject, and Tom did not look as if he had a care in the world.

Suddenly she said: "Tom, hold your hand out."

"No, teacher. What for?" And they both laughed.

"Egg-money." She was feeling in her bag.

"That's talking. Would a pound be all right?"

She put a pound note and her cheque for two hundred with it on his open hand.

"What's this, my dear?" he asked.

"I wondered if it'd help."

A look came into his eyes that almost made her cry out with tenderness.

"But, I can't take this." His voice was shaky. "I'm a mess and a flop and a fool, but I'd rather not be pitied."

"It isn't pity, Tom. Call it friendliness."

"But I thought you thought I was a pretty cheap sort of heel."

Eunice shook her head. "No, never that."

"But how did you know about this business? I couldn't bear the idea of anyone who mattered knowing."

"But you told George."

"George? I can't remember who I told. I got a bit tight yesterday. But George and Sally aren't you. Child—" it was ten years since he had called her that—"have you really not been hating me all this time?"

"No. I thought you—well that you'd no use for me, and I was frightened."

"Dear heart, I was the one to be frightened. You told me things about myself——"

"I never really meant them. I was a fool. I believe I was only furious because I knew you'd said and done the same things with other girls, and I wanted it to be different for me."

"It was different all right."

"Yes. I must have been awful."

"I don't mean that. I mean that other girls came and went, but you've gone on belonging and I've always been scared to tell you."

"Oh, Tom. P'raps we could have sorted it out if you hadn't gone straight off to the war."

"If you don't think I'm a frightful blot what about a bit of sorting out now? Darling you're not to cry on to Susan the sow, it makes her shy."

HANMER BORDEN walked briskly for a man of seventy into the lounge of the town's most discreet hotel. Sally looked up out of a deep chair.

"Well?" she said.

"All well. Eunice has just telephoned that she won't be in to dinner. Thank you, my dear. It humbles a man who knows all the answers to discover that he can't help his own daughter when her heart's breaking."

"And what do I get if I don't tell the angry General how it was done?"

"Nothing, you budding blackmailer, except a spot of champagne we'll share with your husband. Can you get hold of George and both dine with me?"

"Easy. But I shall hold the General over you just the same."

"The General, if you must know, agrees with me that Tom needs a sensible wife. And you'd better behave yourself from now on if you've pretended to Eunice that you're in love with Tom. She's my daughter and pretty tough."

"But I am in love with Tom, wildly. D'you think I took the trouble to save him from prison just to give you a son-in-law who can make you laugh?"

"I knew that long ago," he said, unshaken. "That's why I asked you to help."

She grinned at him, taking up his challenge.

"It's not dangerous, of course. Only a beautiful, beautiful memory. You're a comfortable person, I can tell you anything."

"Eunice can't," he said a little ruefully. "The damned silly way I had her brought up, I suppose."

"But it couldn't be that. I tell you everything, and Daddy always says he brought me up exactly the way you advised him. At least on days when he's threatening to shoot me"

Hanmer gave it up. "You win, you baggage. Go and telephone for your husband to protect me while I talk to a waiter about dinner."

END

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Fashion is insistent on a basic line that is willow-slim and elegant. *You* want a corset that's comfortable as well. With GOSSARD you can have perfect line that is serenely easy to attain

5631 *GOSSARD'S popular front-lacing model in effective figured broche, with elastic collar top and deep elastic gussets at front. Gives good support to figures needing firm control. 16″ deep. Sizes* 25-36 *Price* 81/6

3237x *Well-shaped brassiere in firm lace, lined net, stitched under cups, separated by elastic. Sizes* 34-42 *Price* 38/3

LONDON . NEW YORK

There's a GOSSARD stockist in your town

The Gossard Line of Beauty

PROTECTS if you are under 30

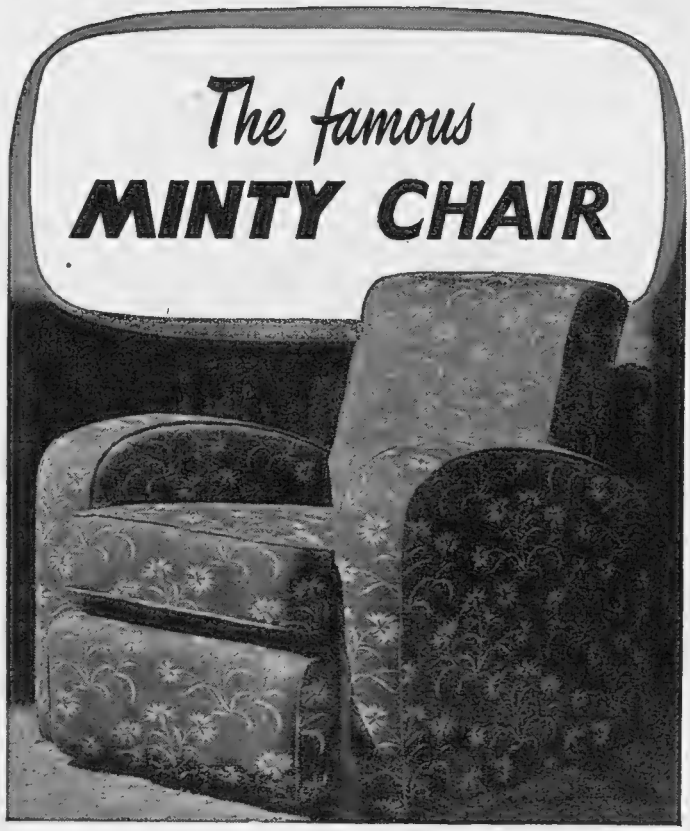
PRESERVES if you are over 30

your soft smooth youthful looking skin

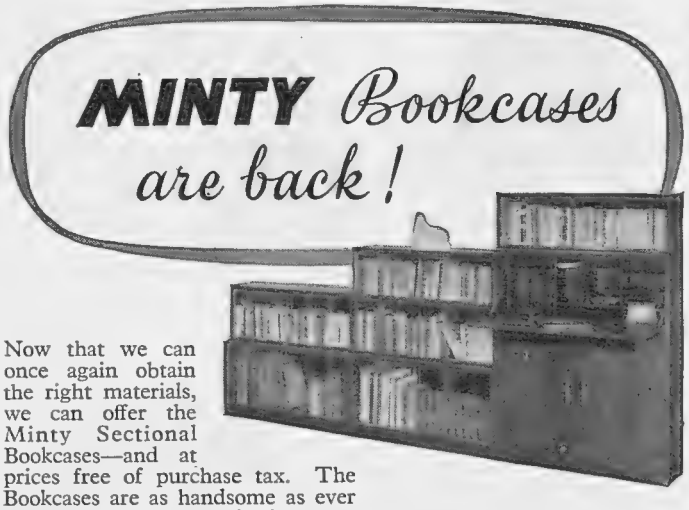
If your skin *is* soft, smooth and youthful-looking . . . praises be — and protect it. If your skin *has* lost some of its youthful suppleness . . . if it isn't as dewy-fresh as it once was — preserve it. For both you can depend on regular Revenescence care . . . night and day.

REVENESCENCE

by Charles of the Ritz



The most comfortable chair on earth! Full-sized lounge, softly sprung. Entirely new and improved method of construction. Settees also in two sizes. Many Models available—some without Purchase Tax.



Now that we can once again obtain the right materials, we can offer the Minty Sectional Bookcases—and at prices free of purchase tax. The Bookcases are as handsome as ever and compare favourably in every way with the prewar standard which made the name of Minty pre-eminent in this field. Made in Oak, Mahogany or Walnut, the Bookcases are available as illustrated and in many combinations which can be added to as desired.

The above Combination is made up of three stacks which can be purchased separately. There is no Purchase Tax on Minty Bookcases and prices are extremely competitive.

Send for illustrated folders and full particulars of chairs or Bookcases to

Dept. B, MINTY LTD., 44/45 High St., Oxford

Showrooms: LONDON — 123 Victoria Street, S.W.1
MANCHESTER — 7/9 Royal Exchange Arcade

Our Visitors Keep To Their Own

Map Of Britain

(*Continued from page* 13)

always Stratford-upon-Avon. One visitor (a Dutchman) thought the most interesting thing in the Tower was Rudolf Hess's signature on the walls of the cell where he was imprisoned in 1941.

The so-called "Dickens London"—winding alleys, twisted houses, narrow streets—is just as popular with visitors from every country. The great Charles would doubtless be amazed at some of the places connected with his name. Out of running is "romantic Limehouse." What Chinese are left now live in the West End or in Hampstead.

Dr. Johnson does not seem to have captured his pre-war popularity with American visitors. There seems no explanation for this, for his house off Fleet Street escaped the blitz. Perhaps the publication of Boswell's *London Journal* may revive American interest in the great lexicographer.

THE Roosevelt statue in Grosvenor Square is not quite the attraction one might think. Many Americans still harbour a deep dislike for the late President. Others think that the U.S. Government —and not the shillings of the people of Britain—erected the statue.

5. *Visitors—speaking broadly—do not come to see our museums and art galleries.*

The principal museum visitors appear to be the Dutch and Scandinavians. Americans will take a plunge in the National Gallery, but the joke of tourists rushing through galleries with a guide book in one hand and a watch in another is outdated. The average visitor knows more about art than the average native.

6. *Visitors come to see our cathedrals.*

Canterbury is almost a "must," but Ely, Norwich, Exeter all have their own coterie of specialized enthusiasts who have "read up" about their favourite before leaving home.

There appears to be less interest in the great family homes which are being thrown open to the public this summer. Perhaps this is because they are less known abroad, the news not yet having got round. Many Americans, however, will make a detour to see the room in which Mr. Churchill was born at Blenheim Palace.

7. *Visitors do not come here expecting to enjoy our food.*

Despite all the letters to the newspapers on the subject, the average visitor this summer does not seem unduly upset about our food. On the contrary, many are agreeably surprised. There are three possible explanations for this: (*a*) Many visitors are over-fed in their own country and do not object to a fortnight or so's banting; (*b*) They take the change in diet as part of the fun of travel, just as the Englishman may do when travelling abroad, and (*c*) They really can get all the food they want—if they can pay for it.

And as most of our visitors come from countries where the pound is depreciated, they *can* pay for it.

I quote direct from a current menu of a West End restaurant, with prices as they would be if paid in dollars. "Grilled Lamb Chop," 4s.; "Tournedos Rossini," 6s. 6d.; and "Grilled Sirloin Steak, with Red Wine Sauce, 5s." All these prices are much cheaper than those prevailing in New York.

SUMMING-UP, if visitors this summer do not appear as wildly enthusiastic about such displays on the South Bank as we might wish, the reason may be that its asymetrical extravagances and functional aspects stem from the Continent rather than from Britain. The considerable number of European designers credited in the catalogue testifies to the truth of this assertion.

What was it that Henry James wrote after his first visit to England?

"There was a kind of wonder that England should be as English as, for my entertainment, she took the trouble to be."

He was an ideal visitor. He wanted to stay here—and did. The moral of all this may be discouraging to the "progressives" of the Welfare State, but surely it is better that people should visit us for our cathedrals and thatched-roof villages than for our cosmopolitan cocktail bars and shiny steel armchairs?

END

Manners Please

(*Continued from page* 36)

it relatively easy to accept favours charmingly, but to grace a refusal is a challenge to your art. Sincerity will come to the rescue with a sentiment that will dictate the thoughtful word, the tactful excuse. A considerate woman declines with the air of conferring a favour.

Because your good manners are rooted in feeling, you are as charming to women as you are to men; your ways with your dependants are as punctilious as with your superiors. You are, of course, exquisite with strangers; they feel it is a misfortune for them not to be acquainted with you. You know how to listen. You can bear with your husband's dog-eared stories with smiling equanimity. You contribute to the conversation only that which is of real interest and do not cross the thread of dinner talk with egocentric chatter.

Fortunately, you are of this earth after all and you sometimes make a slip. But if you use the wrong fork now and then, your absolute naturalness adds piquancy to your mistake. There is no set code of manners for you, as there is for men. You make it for yourself out of the transient essence of the moment. You are, in fact, a charming woman.

To doubt it would be an unthinkable breach of masculine good manners.

END

Peggy Sage BRINGS PERFECTION TO FINGER-TIPS

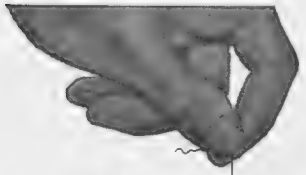
Her famous Nail Polish has the flawless lustre of fine jewels . . . a diamond-hard unchippable quality . . . that has no equal

SATINBASE
Helps to protect nails from splitting and prolongs wear of polish.

OIL DRY
A blessing to busy hands — dries the nails in a moment.

MANICURE SALONS:

LONDON: 130 New Bond Street, W.1. (Corner of Grosvenor Street) Phone: MAYfair 0396
PARIS: 7 Place Vendome. *NEW YORK:* 50 East Fifty-seventh Street.



Pencil slim and well balanced

" Light as a Summer Breeze "

TWILFIT . . . first with NYLON GEORGETTE figure foundations.

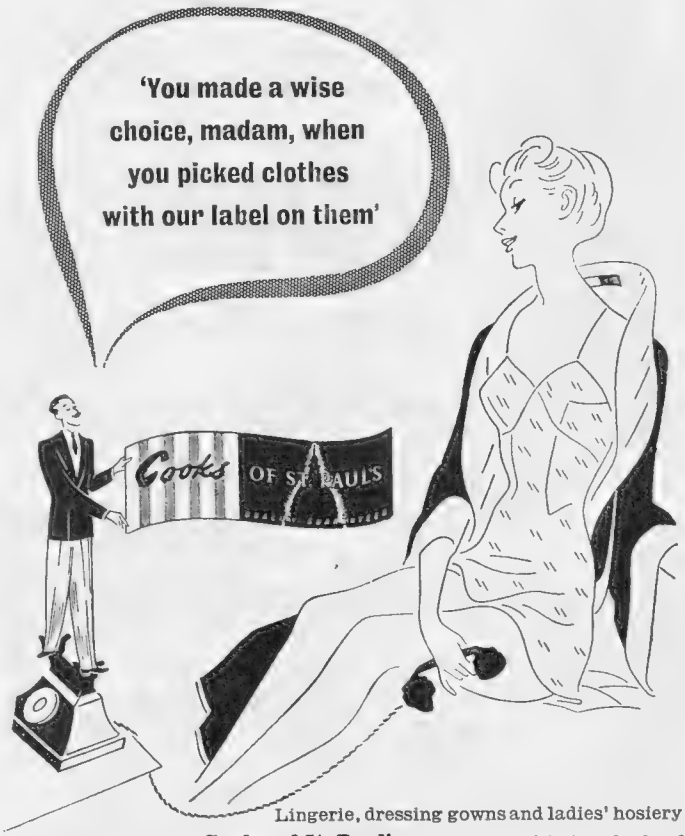
Very dainty Brassiere in Nylon Georgette, suitable for the petite figure. Colour Tea Rose. Sizes: 32 to 36 ins. No. O4781. Price: 17/6

Light weight step-in Belt with Nylon Georgette front panel and two-way stretch elastic sides and back. Colour Tea Rose. Sizes: small, medium and large. No. 8450. Price: 40/3

Twilfit FOUNDATIONS

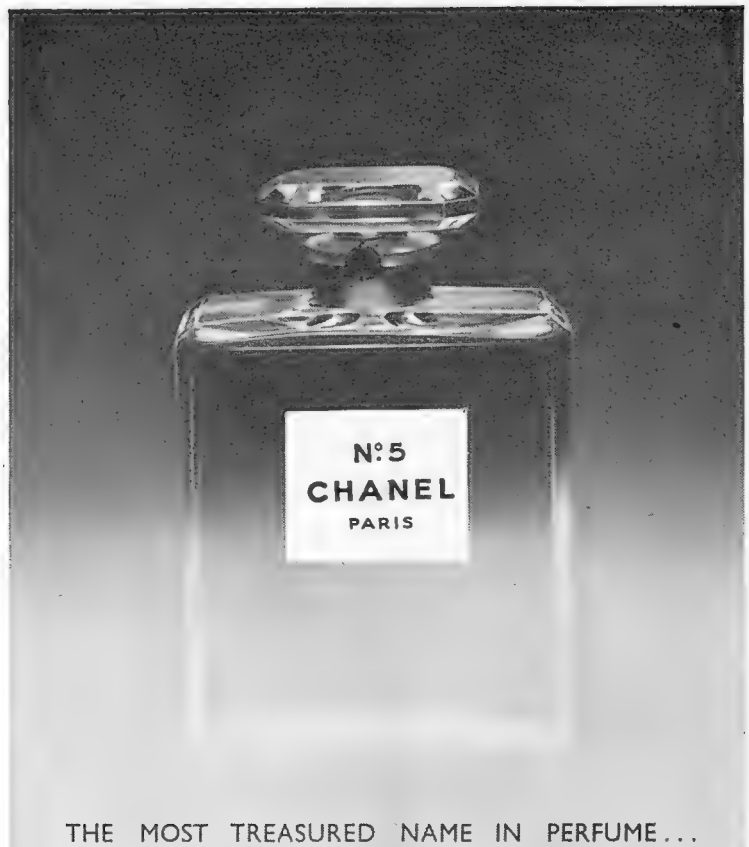
Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd., Portsmouth.

WRITE FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST STOCKIST



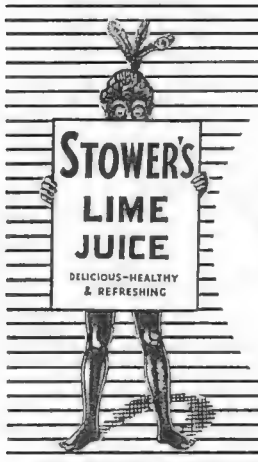
Lingerie, dressing gowns and ladies' hosiery bearing the famous **Cooks of St. Paul's** label are sold in hundreds of shops throughout the country. Remember that label when you're shopping. You can be sure that the goods it marks will last long, wash well and give you good value for your money.

★ **Visit the Festival Gardens Amphitheatre Battersea Park and see our Fashion Parades—daily at 3 p.m.**



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



IT'S BETTER TO HAVE THE BEST

BY APPOINTMENT Suppliers of Stower's Fruit Cordials ALEXANDER RIDDLE & Co. Ltd.

Ask for

STOWER'S *Lime Juice*

ALSO LEMON SQUASH
ORANGE SQUASH · GRAPE FRUIT SQUASH
LEMON BARLEY

An all-the-year-round Gift!

Subscription rates for 12 mths. Inland and Abroad: £1 7s. 0d. Canada: £1 5s. 6d.

Here is a lasting expression of friendship . . . to a friend or relative, for a birthday or anniversary . . . a subscription to BRITANNIA AND EVE for every month of the year. A card will be sent with the first issue giving your name as donor—what could be simpler? Just write to The Publisher, enclosing your remittance—he does the rest!

The Publisher, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2

Orca's Quest

(*Continued from page* 31)

and he gobbled down most of them before being chased from the pan by incredible numbers of hungry skuas, small birds with hooked bills and raucous voices.

Furious at the temerity of the pesky birds, Orca slipped under a craggy iceberg in a savage dive and, while still far in the depths, spotted the blurred outline of a saw-toothed seal feeding on the surface.

There is very little on file concerning this extraordinary *phoca*, and it is safe to assume that he was more or less of a novelty to the young killer whale bull. But, not the least bit concerned with the fact that this was one of the rarest seals known to scientists, Orca, surging upward in a swift rush, bit the unfortunate animal in two and disposed of him in a couple of quick gulps.

TOO much rich food on an empty stomach did something to the killer whale bull, and while it is unlikely that the seal steak gave him ulcers, it must have showed his reflexes and spoiled his timing because when he tried, a short time later, to capture a green-bellied seal, one of those absurd creatures with the thick necks, he bungled the job so badly the terrified animal rolled out from between his jaws in some miraculous way, and made good his escape.

To Orca, who prided himself on a clean, workmanlike kill, his handling of the green-bellied seal was a humiliating experience that sent him looping under the surface in exasperation. He would have been better advised to save his wind, for a far more humiliating experience awaited him just round the corner.

Still steaming with fury, he barged around the bluish-white shoulder of a big iceberg to see the monstrous shape of a sperm whale rolling on the surface as if he had heaved his immense carcase up from the depths that very instant.

Ordinarily, Orca left these big, well-toothed leviathans strictly alone. But, deciding, this time, to work out his frustration on the sperm, he cut deeper under the surface and worked close in to the sixty-five-foot *hyperoodon*. Unfortunately, he made too sharp a turn as he cut around the animal's stern, and he was clipped by the lashing flukes.

For a few seconds he sprawled helplessly in the water, half stunned by the blow. During those few seconds his life virtually hung by a thread, for had the not-too-bright whale decided to follow up his advantage with another whip of his tail, Orca would certainly have gone to join his ancestors.

Quickly recovering his senses, he moved feebly out of range and sought the healing comfort of the frigid depths in a lopsided dive that put him far beyond the sperm's reach. His injuries, while decidedly painful, weren't serious, but it was weeks before the booming died down in his head, and he could swim down a fish without going into fantastic, corkscrew turns.

ALL things considered, Orca was in a bad way. But just when it seemed that everything was working against him, and that there was no justice in the world, his fortunes took a turn for the better. Hot on the trail of a terrified seal, one morning, he boiled into a spacious bay and ran smack into the thing he had been searching for all these discouraging weeks—a semi-organized pack of full-grown killer whales under the leadership of an old, battle-scarred bull.

The long-finned pack, probably recuperating from a series of piratical raids, must have either smelled Orca or sensed the significance of his appearance, because they sheered off from their rugged leader in long, graceful loops. There was no place in their fierce, predacious existence for loyalty, even to one that had led them on many a fructuous raid, and they had no compunctions about switching allegiance to a new leader, provided, of course, he had the sense and ferocity to make good.

The old bull, probably well aware of the newcomer's pretensions, slipped under the surface and emerged near Orca with a frightening heave of his massive body. He was old, none knew that better than he, but he was still master of the pack, and willing to prove it any time of the day or night.

If the veteran's terrifying teeth and formidable proportions impressed the young killer bull he gave no visible sign of it. A smoky look in his lidless eyes, he circled the old warrior, sometimes disappearing completely under the surface, and at other times heaving his polished torso into the air, as if offering a physical inventory of his own size, strength and speed.

The strategy didn't disconcert the pack leader. Having beaten off many challengers in his time he probably saw no reason why he shouldn't be able to treat this arrogant youngster the same way.

The young bull, impatient to get going, was the first to attack. Driving his powerful body forward with a quick churn of his tail, he snapped viciously at the oldster's lips. The veteran rolled with the lunge, and both killer whales disappeared from sight in a lather of blood-flecked foam.

THE details of the terrific battle that followed down there in the cold depths of the Ross Sea, while the surface boiled and seethed as if stirred by a witch's wand, must needs be left to the imagination, for no human eyes have ever been privileged to witness such a spectacle.

This was a battle to the death, with no quarter asked or given. But such a ferocious, air-consuming tangle couldn't last forever. One or the other had to win—quickly. Finally, Orca shot to the surface, battered and bleeding, but triumphant. Circling the spot just in case the vanquished one made a last, desperate attempt to regain his prestige, he inspected the approaching fins with cold, calculating eyes then, with the pack streaming out behind him, he surged for the open sea.

END

Enrich your Salads with

C&B

the different — delicious

salad cream

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Max. Prices: Bottle 33/9; ½ bot. 17/7; ¼ bot. 9/2; miniature 3/7. U.K. only

EVERY *Parozoned* HOME PAYS TRIBUTE . . .

. . . to Parozone's glowing efficiency. Bed and table linens are so much whiter . . . porcelain, wall and fireplace tiles, glass, crystal and plain woodwork are so much brighter . . . sink, lavatory bowl and drains are so much fresher for the regular use of Parozone.

A HOUSEHOLD NAME FOR OVER 60 YEARS

PAROZONE

REG°

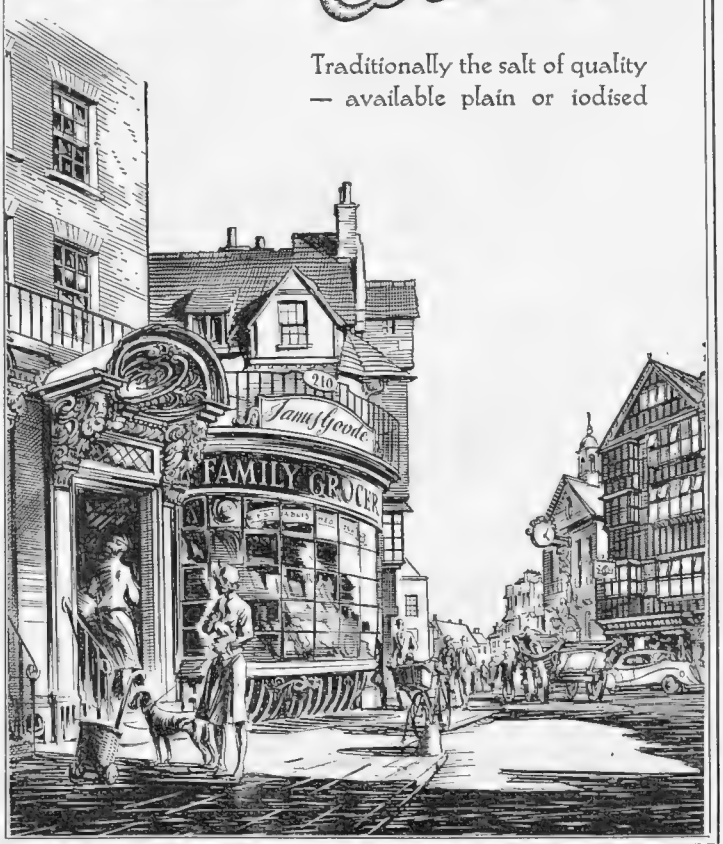
DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW, AND AT LONDON, NOTTINGHAM AND WOKING

By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

Traditionally the salt of quality
— available plain or iodised



Murder By Jury (*Continued from page 19*)

He was a strong boy for eight and if nurse hadn't come running in she didn't like to think what might have happened.

Cross-examination could make very little headway against this. She agreed that it was a long time ago, but an experience like that was not a thing which one was likely to forget. She particularly remembered it because from then on—until Edward finally went to boarding school—she had not been allowed to sleep in the same room with him.

You could see that the jury were shaken.

The next two witnesses completed the job.

The first—I won't give you her real name—we'll call her Lulu.

Macrea, introducing the witness, indicated that there might be passages in her evidence which would give offence, but plainly where life and death were involved, certain reticences had to go by the board.

Lulu proved to be a pleasant and extremely self-possessed woman in her middle thirties. She was now leading a life of extreme rectitude, but she admitted—as the dullest member of the jury by now appreciated—that she had at one time been on the streets. She was giving her evidence of her own free will and because she couldn't stand by and see a man accused of something he obviously hadn't done.

Three or four years ago she had spent the night with the prisoner. It was the only time she had ever set eyes on him, but it wasn't an occasion she was going to forget in a hurry. At about six in the morning she had woken up to find him throttling her.

She was a strong and active woman and she had managed to fight her way free.

He had produced some garbled story about a dream and a snake, to which she had not paid much attention, being at the time both frightened and furiously angry.

The prisoner, however, had behaved very handsomely. He had given her ten pounds to sooth her feelings, and—more—had appeared so genuinely anxious and upset that she hadn't the heart to take the matter further. Her first intention had been to go to the police.

When Counsel for the Crown got up to cross-examine he found himself in a position of unexpected difficulty.

It is easy enough to throw ridicule on these poor women, and their evidence doesn't often count for a great deal in a court of law. But the fact of the matter was that she was plainly risking a wounding cross-examination together with a lot of calumny and unpleasant notoriety with no possible motive except to save an innocent man.

In a way, the more he hurt her, the less good did he do to the Crown's case.

One must remember, too, that the witness had been sprung on him. Macrea had made it plain that the prisoner had been against Lulu giving evidence at all. It was at her insistence, and because his advisers had thought it essential, that she had been allowed to speak.

There was only one line that the prosecution could follow—and they hunted it for all it was worth. The whole story, they said, was a fabrication. It had never happened. The prisoner had simply purchased the testimony of this woman to bolster up his own defence. On the face of it, asked the prosecution, did the prisoner look the sort of man who could have had associations with a woman of this type?

Macrea must have grinned.

His next, and final, witness was the doctor who had attended Lulu for bruises on her throat. He confirmed the date from his attendance diary. He also recognized the prisoner, who had come with Lulu and settled the bill.

The jury acquitted without retiring.

"AND if I'd been on the jury I should have done the same," I said. "The man was innocent."

"He was guilty," said Hazlerigg.

"Then the evidence was faked——"

"On the contrary. Every witness spoke the truth according to their lights. So far as that goes, even Mason himself spoke the truth, about everything except the one vital point—what went on inside his own head."

"Are you asking me to believe," I said slowly, "that Mason was such a diabolical man that he started plotting the murder of his own wife at the age of *eight?*"

Hazlerigg put back his head and laughed heartily and at length. He rocked with laughter. Whilst he was laughing I began, dimly, to see the weakness in my argument.

"Now don't start blaming yourself," said Hazlerigg. "Because that's exactly what every member of the jury thought, in that instant when they acquitted him. After all, you can't expect all jurymen to be practising philosophers. If they had only been acquainted with the dialectical trick known as deception by series."

"Explain."

"All right. I'll give you an example of the basic notion. Then when you want to plan your own murder you can work out the details for yourself. Supposing I have to deceive you about—say—the number of my house. For some reason it's not practical to alter the number plate itself. But I can take it down altogether or hide it. I lead you up the street, and point out that the two houses before you come to mine are numbered two and four. You won't need much convincing, then about the number of my house, will you."

"Six."

"So you might think. Actually my house is four. I altered the number plate of the house on the left—which was really three."

When I'd worked this one out on the back of an envelope, I said, "I think I see it. You mean that Mason——"

"When he decided to murder his wife about three years before he actually did it, he took a precaution. He remembered the incident of himself and his sister. I have no doubt the story was perfectly true, though it may have become exaggerated a little with the passing of the years. Just the sort of thing any excitable little boy might have done. He knew that his sister remembered it, too. Having got his true 'number,' he thereupon manufactured the false 'number.' He went out and picked up this woman—Lulu. He slept with her. In the early hours of the morning he started to strangle her. He didn't go very far, of course, just far enough to produce some convincing bruises on the throat. Then he quietened her down by paying her a good deal of money—I don't suppose she'd really have gone to the police, you know, they're shy birds—and he took her to a doctor and paid for the necessary medical attention. Incidentally, it was about the same time, did you notice, that he doubled his wife's insurance. Then he let three years go by. Then he strangled her."

"Knowing that any jury with those facts, would acquit him."

"Yes. There was just one practical difficulty, and he surmounted that as well. His three witnesses were his sister, the doctor and Lulu. The sister he would always be able to get hold of. The doctor—even if he retired—would be in some medical directory or easily traceable. The girl was different. They move, from time to time, and get swallowed up very easily in the whirlpool of the West End. How was he to keep track of her unobtrusively? The method he adopted was to send her ten pounds a month, anonymously. He represented himself as some well-wisher who had received her favours in the past and wished to make this periodical contribution. So long as she kept him notified of any change of address, he would continue to send her the money."

"But if she had to notify him when she moved, surely she must have known who he was."

"No—the notification had to be sent to him at a Post Restante under an assumed name."

"How long did it take you to find all this out?"

"Well, it took some weeks. We were only doing it to satisfy our own curiosity. But in the end we found the Post Restante and the girl gave us a definite identification. She picked Mason's photograph unhesitatingly out of a dozen others. He'd been calling for letters on and off for the last three years."

"Wasn't he running a considerable risk," I said. "Supposing you'd got on to this before——"

"When the defence are allowed to spring last minute witnesses on you!" said Hazlerigg. "How do you think we were going to unearth all this in five minutes between examination and cross-examination? That's why they kept Lulu up their sleeve until the last moment."

"So you're absolutely certain that Mason did this murder, but you can do nothing at all about it. That's it, isn't it? You can't try him again, of course, for the same offence. He's safe."

"That's what he thought," said Hazlerigg. He was smiling, but his grey eyes were bleak.

"Some time later—more than a year after the trial—Mason was staying at a little hotel in Cornwall. He was still single—I never had much confidence in that story of the other woman. Even if it was true he certainly never married her. He had a bedroom with a small balcony overlooking the cliff with a straight drop on to the rocks. The maid went to call him one morning, found the window unlatched and the balcony rail broken. What was left of Mason was among the rocks, fifty feet below."

"Then you were wrong," I said. "You were all wrong, from beginning to end. He did walk in his sleep."

"Possibly," said Hazlerigg. "Possibly. There was certainly no sign of foul play. One curious coincidence came to light later. Brother Hector had the room next door."

END

Collector's Fancy (*Continued from page 43*)

But one paperweight you can safely count as a treasure if you should happen to have one—is a snow weight. These fascinating examples of the glass-maker's art were made in France about 1850 and both the snow and the liquid it floats in were made to a secret formula that has never been duplicated in modern times.

The vogue for china cottages seems easy to understand. With the real thing almost as far out of reach for most of us as a castle in Spain, these charming reminders of rural ease have an obvious appeal. The more fanciful they are in conception and the more decked with flowers, the higher the value. The homely hen or chicken and the fruitful cornucopia are not only attractive in themselves but also serve as a reminder of a more ample past. But why *swans*, we wonder?

But here is one helpful hint we did pick up in the course of our researches—small bronze figures are worth looking out for by the collector who likes to be one jump ahead of fashion. They have been neglected for years and fine examples are to be picked up very cheaply in most antique shops.

Like the bronzes, white porcelain figures of gods and goddesses loitered pale and forlorn on back shelves for years until suddenly someone realized their decorative value. To-day good specimens fetch anything from ten to twenty-five guineas.

Again the reason for this sudden return to favour is anybody's guess. It might be a natural reaction from looking at too much modern sculpture, or be simply just another example of the fascinating waywardness of the collector of unconsidered trifles!

END

Lucozade

The sparkling GLUCOSE *drink*

To help in building up a child's vitality give him this exciting, refreshing drink. And then watch him lift up his little face for more. LUCOZADE needs no digesting. It presents no problem to the most delicate of stomachs. It is a form of energy which is assimilated immediately. So widely recognised are these virtues that LUCOZADE is used extensively in CLINICS, HOSPITALS, NURSING HOMES and SCHOOL SANATORIA. See about a supply of LUCOZADE today.

2/6 a bottle
Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)

Invaluable in sickness and in health . . .

Get
Lucozade
—it is so energising and palatable

LUCOZADE LTD., GT. WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX. *royds*

Loveliness

Woman's most priceless possession is a perfect complexion; let Personality Turtle Oil Soap nourish your skin with its unique Beauty Milk action.

Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP

To use it is to love it

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LIMITED, ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH, LEICESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND

Lubrication on your mind?

Use Price's
ENERGOL
MOTOR OIL

I couldn't be more of a laywoman. But the maker of my car recommends Energol. My garage owner uses it in his own car. So I use it too. And as I find starting easy all the year round, and rarely have running trouble, I think you should use

PRICE'S ENERGOL, THE OILIEST OIL
says the woman driver

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING BRITISH MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS

Which

are the Cow & Gate babies?

The answer is those whose parents insisted upon the best.

A Cow & Gate constitution is the finest endowment that you can give to your children. You *want* your children to be adequately equipped for the hard battle of life, and, on Cow & Gate they will be what you want them to be.

Your child's future is too vital for you to choose anything less than the best in order that the foundations of a healthy and happy life can be well and truly laid. Better be safe than sorry later on. Put your Baby on this superlative food today ! (Thirteen Royal Babies to date have been reared on it.)

CEREX *for Weaning*
Have you tried it?

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
The FOOD *of* ROYAL BABIES

4738

The Changing Heart (*Continued from page 12*)

thought, she's beautiful but she's not the girl I remember.

"It's good to see you," he said. "It's been a long, long time."

"I didn't think I'd ever see you again." Her hand was still on his, as if to assure herself that he was really here. "When you called yesterday, it was like hearing from the dead."

"Thank you. Have a glass of embalming fluid?"

She shook her head and smiled. "Still the same."

He shrugged modestly. "I just make my own fun. From what Pat tells me——"

"How did you like her? She's nice, don't you think?"

That was an understatement. "We had a good time. Is she engaged or anything?"

"Thinking of proposing to her?" She smiled, and again the memory was clear and correct. "I saw you first, Mr. Bradley."

He turned his hand over under hers and looked down at the tangle of fingers. "That's one thing that surprised me. I felt sure you'd be married. That's why I waited a week before I rang you. I kept saying, What's the use, Bradley? She'll be married and have half a dozen kids."

"That would have been some going in seven years," she said. "Did it strike you that maybe I was waiting to fall in love? That's one of the things that go with marriage, along with the marriage certificate and children and debts. I'm not the type, Jack, that marries for money or because I want to escape being an old maid."

"And there was no one in all that time?"

"I tried several for size, but that was another thing I learned. You can't try on love like a pair of shoes." She looked up. "I'm sorry, Jack. I sound like a fugitive from the soap operas."

"You sound all right to me," he said. "I always did like corny stuff."

"I know. I still remember your jokes."

The night was mild and still young. Driving home to Bellaire they decided to go on to Jones Beach. The sea rolled in with a deep, lonely music and stars brightened the sky like reflected phosphorescence. The hood of the convertible was down and a faint breeze made a scribble of her hair against the curve of her cheek.

"You look tired," he said. "Was it bad last night?"

"Pretty bad. But this look is habitual. You get that way when you reach my age."

"Grandma Mason," he said. "How old are you?"

"Thirty-three," she said. "Don't scream."

"I'm thirty-eight myself," he said. "You know, somehow I always thought of you as younger. Seven years—that would have made you twenty-six. But I used to think of you as younger than that, say twenty-two or three. How old is Pat?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, I always thought of you as she is now. I never did know how old you were."

"There was a lot you didn't know about me, Jack." She turned to look at him, and the moon climbed out of the sea behind her shoulder. "You don't get to learn all about a girl in a couple of months."

He hesitated for a moment, chasing the past and lost in the maze of the present, then he leaned across and kissed her. She neither resisted nor responded, just looked at him as he sat back.

"Why did you do that?" she said.

"Because I wanted to, I suppose. I don't kiss a woman out of a sense of duty."

"When you called me," she said, "did you expect to take up where we left off seven years ago?"

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose I hoped so."

"You didn't make any allowances for changes in us?"

"I knew I hadn't changed," he said. "I'd hoped you hadn't. Shouldn't I have called you?"

"I wanted to see you and I was glad when you called." One hand comforted the other; somewhere along the beach a car radio broadcast a give-away programme : the world was yours for a guess. "But I don't know. Maybe it would have been better if we'd left it as it was seven years ago."

"It was like this seven years ago," he said. "It was closer than this. Or don't you remember?"

"I remember. Those are the sort of things a woman does remember, more than a man." She turned and looked at him and after a long moment said, "Then you said you loved me. Do you still love me, Jack?"

Hold it a minute, he thought. Think this out. It is good being here with her, but it wasn't so bad being with Pat last night. Which girl have you come back to? Were you kidding yourself when you returned to these old pastures, suffering from astigmatism of outlook because you remembered a girl who seven years ago spun into your life the stuff of dreams? You thought that you were coming back to the past at a steady, ambling gait, prepared to take your time and become acclimatized before making any decisions. But the climate of love is a heady one and a severe one, and no one is immune. And when you are lonely you are twice as susceptible.

"If I said yes," he said, "would you believe me?" And wondered if he believed himself.

She didn't answer, but turned away from him. After what seemed a long time she leaned back, raised her face and kissed him. Strands of her hair brushed against his eyes and there seemed to be cracks in the face of the moon. He suddenly felt lonelier than ever, unsure of himself for the first time in years.

WHEN Nora called the next afternoon there was no hint of emotional hangover in her voice.

"Look, Bradley old boy—do I sound British?"

"Not the part of Britain I come from. But then we have a lot of dialects."

"Well, anyway. I'm afraid our date for to-night is off. Claude is keeping the crowd for rehearsal till he's satisfied with them. That may mean eleven or twelve o'clock."

"Why don't you work union hours? Why have I always to be tied up with girls in odd jobs?"

"What other girls are you tied up with?"

"Oh, a fan dancer, a Russian spy, a girl I met in Times Square——"

"I'll bet you didn't meet any of them in union hours."

"Met them all in the course of my duties as a working newspaperman."

"Ha ha," she said.

"Look," he said. "I'll call for you at the theatre around eleven. Right?"

But when he started to think about it, that still left the first part of the night empty. Almost automatically and not expecting to find her at home, he called Pat. But she was home and she would surely love to have dinner with him.

They went to the French place on Forty-Eighth Street and the head-waiter, greeting him as an old friend, smiled at him with Gallic understanding.

"You 'ave ze taste, *m'sieu*," he whispered. "Such beautiful ladies."

"Thank you," Bradley whispered back. "Open your mouth about zis and you'll have ze beautiful black eye."

"*Merci, m'sieu.*"

"I didn't know you spoke French," Pat said as they sat down. "Do you speak any other languages?"

"English and Oxford."

"What's Oxford?"

"Too difficult to describe."

The dinner and the talk were as last night and the night before. Words and laughter were as warming as the wine they drank. Time slipped away through their banter as they left the restaurant, drove out to Oyster Bay, called in at a tavern and finally made their way home to Bellaire.

"I wish I'd met you sooner," Pat said. She was snuggled down in a corner of the seat, looking across at him as he drove.

"Why?" he said.

"Oh, nothing." She looked ahead down the road. "I was just dreaming."

He looked at her out of the corner of his eye. Even sitting quietly she looked full of a gay, passionate vitality, and he felt the blood move in him as he looked at her. Dammit, he thought, why must everything become so complicated?

He brought the car to a halt beneath the elms. She made no attempt to get out, just continued sitting quietly in the corner of the seat.

"How long did you say you'd be here in New York?"

"Two years." He felt for her hand. "Why the sudden quiet mood? I like you better when you're brighter."

"Do you?" she said, and looked directly at him.

"I don't know," he said, and kissed her.

The cab came up the street and drew in behind them.

"That'll be Nora," Pat said. "You'd better wipe off the lipstick."

The cab door slammed and then Nora was peering in at them. "Oh hallo," she said. "I wondered if it were you. Had a nice time?"

"Swell," Pat said. "How's life on the slave farm?"

"Wasn't so bad to-night," Nora said. "We finished at ten o'clock."

"What kept you?" Pat peered at her watch. "It's after twelve."

"I was waiting to be brought home," Nora said. "But I guess the man forgot."

"I did," Bradley said. "I'm sorry, Nora. I haven't any excuse. I just clean forgot."

Pat looked at him. "Were you supposed to pick up Nora? You mean—" She looked at Nora. "I'm sorry, sis. I honestly didn't know."

"It's all right," Nora said. "After working for a producer for eight years, the vagaries of other men's minds—you have a mind, haven't you, Jack?"

"All right," he said. "Beat me with a whip. I deserve it."

"I'll say you do," Pat said, getting out of the car. "I'm disappointed in you, Jack. Both for standing up Nora and for considering me just a stop-gap."

"Good night, Jack," Nora said.

"Good night," Pat said.

That ties it up, he thought, as he drove home through the gauntlet of neons. That reduces the whole complication to a simple solution. And you will not be required to come to any decisions. But he couldn't remember ever having felt worse.

NEXT morning he called the Mason home but there was no answer. He tried again later, but all he got was the impersonal buzz-buzz of the phone. In the afternoon he called Norton's office and then the theatre. At the theatre they told him Miss Mason couldn't be disturbed.

Finally he tried the Mason home again and this time Pat answered.

"Look," he said. "I'm really sorry about last night——"

"Don't worry about it, Jack," she said. "It's not worth it. We didn't lose any sleep over it."

"I did," he said. "All night."

"That'll teach you not to get your dates mixed. Especially when they're sisters."

"I've been trying to apologize to Nora, but she won't have anything to do with me. Sends a message that she's too busy."

"Well, the show opens to-night."

"I know. Would you care to come with me? I've managed to get a couple of seats."

"Sorry, Jack. I'm already dated. Some other time, maybe."

"Yes," he said. "Well, have a nice time."

"You too."

THE show had a bright opening, but that was all it did have. The actors tried hard, but the characters had no more life than some of the stuffed shirts in the audience. The situations were coy and the lines had the phoney ring of the (*Continued on page 74*)

COURT ROYAL

"HIP-SPRING"

Beautifully Comfortable

EVEN mature figures can keep in line with the newest fashions—thanks to the famous "Hip-Spring" system of fitting introduced by Court Royal in 1937. "Hip-Spring" takes into account both waist *and* hip measurements, ensuring gentle muscle-firm support from tummy to thighs. Illustrated is a strong broche Front Lacing 4015/3 in "Hip-Spring" 10 fitting (i.e. hip-size 10" more than waist). Also, Lace Brassiere 7473/2.

CORSETS, CORSELETTES, SUSPENDER BELTS AND BRASSIERES—FOR ALL FIGURE TYPES

CHARLES BAYER
AND CO. LTD., BATH
(*Wholesale only*)

MORNING'S AT SEVEN

SITTING her horse with easy confidence, this young rider is off for an early morning canter across the downs. When she tells you that only last night she threw a very lively party, you may wonder at her sparkling eyes and radiant complexion. The solution is a very simple one: she always insists on Rose's Lime Juice with her gin. She knows that thanks to Rose's she will keep the slender figure that fashion demands and greet the morning with happy memories of the night before.

Gin and **ROSE'S LIME JUICE**

The man's drink that women appreciate

Cut a Rallie good figure

SLIM NOW—this *effortless* way:-

No diet! No drugs! No strenuous exercise! Just 5 minutes each morning with the Patented Rallie Massage Belt will give you a figure to be proud of . . . make you look—and *feel*—*years* younger! Doctors recommend this safe, easy way to 'figure fitness.'

Write for **FREE BOOKLET** *'Figure Fitness,' enclosing 2½d. stamp, to: Dept. 140G, Rallie Health Appliances Ltd., 62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1*

SUCH A SHAME!

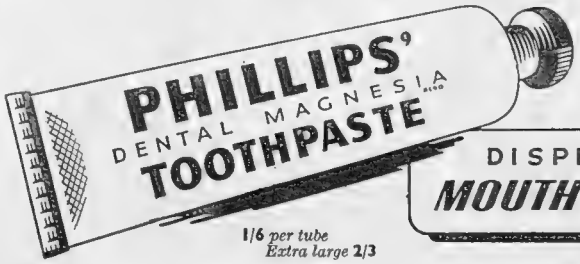
to risk
losing half his teeth
by the time he's 40
because of

Mouth Acid

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're forty? Dentists say that one of the main causes is mouth acid—particularly harmful to young teeth.

To check acid, many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia'*, contained only in one toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Make sure your child uses this anti-acid toothpaste; its delightful mint flavour makes them eager to use it regularly—safeguarding their teeth during these early important years.



DISPELS *MOUTH ACID*

1/6 *per tube*
Extra large 2/3

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

bright sayings of a precocious child. The audience were restless and the critics were asleep.

When the first interval came along Bradley collected his coat. As he pushed his way through the crowd in the foyer he caught a glimpse of Pat standing with a blond young giant who was hovering about her with a protective, almost possessive, air. She saw Bradley and waved to him, but it was a casual wave, not inviting anything further than hallo, and Bradley had the feeling of having been dropped over a cliff out of sight. Looking at them, he felt old and beyond their circle.

The bar was immediately opposite the theatre. Bradley ordered beer and sat wondering what the next two years in New York would be like. He had landed here with loneliness and the remnants of a dream, and now all he had was the loneliness. There were other women in the world, certainly. There had been other women in Singapore, Delhi, Hong Kong. But none of them had been able to supply a cure for loneliness.

Only one girl had seemed able to do that. He had been lonely the first time he'd arrived in New York, but Nora had cured him immediately. He had loved her in those days and he had come back still in love with her. But the hiatus of seven years had proved too much.

"So you had to walk out on it?" Nora slid on to the stool beside him.

"Was it too much for you, too?" he said.

"I followed you."

"You want me to go back?"

"No. I could see you didn't like it. Well, I don't blame you."

"You don't blame me for what?"

"Not liking the show."

He looked down at his beer. "Do you blame me for last night? I told you, I haven't an excuse. None at all. But I haven't felt so disgusted with myself in a long time."

She was looking at their reflections in the mirror behind the counter. "You know, it might have been a good play during the war. Or anyway a successful one. Six, seven years ago people were laughing themselves sick at that sort of stuff. Times change, Jack. So do people, I guess. People and times are really the same thing, aren't they?"

"I haven't considered it," he said. "Sounds right, though."

"We should have known better than to put

Change of Address—

All departments—Editorial, Advertisement and Publishing—of Britannia and Eve are now at

Ingram House

195-198 Strand

London, W.C.2

Telephone No. Temple Bar 5444

The Changing Heart

it on. That same author had a hit play on Broadway during the war. We produced it, and it ran for two hundred and eighty-seven performances, then went on the road for a year. So we all thought it could happen again. But after a couple of rehearsals we realized there was something wrong. The lines were good, but we weren't laughing at them. Then we started doctoring it. We only made it worse. You saw the result."

"Come on," Bradley said, and slid off his stool.

"Where are we going?"

"We're going for a drive. I've just discovered something."

"What?"

"That I'm not the only one who hasn't kept up with the times." They were outside the bar now. He took her hand. "I came back looking for a girl I was in love with seven years ago. I would have found her sooner if I hadn't met a girl who looked exactly like her. I got sidetracked because I was still living in the past. But now I've found her. There's grey in her hair and she's quieter than she used to be, but she's the same girl."

Nora smiled. "There's grey in your hair, too. But I don't know if you're quieter."

"I am," he said. "I've only realized it in the last twenty-four hours. I'm tired out, trying to be a young man."

"You're not old," she said.

"No," he said. "Just changed, that's all. Like the times."

END

Nerves Are Not To Live On

(*Continued from page* 40)

When there is time only for a snack, make it an easily digested one. A cup of Benger's food or a glucose drink which are easily assimilated, are better for you and your digestion than something more substantial taken "on the wing." Again, don't underestimate the patent aids to digestion. The alkalines like Milk of Magnesia are a boon to this dyspeptic generation.

Nervous strain so often has a counterpart in muscular tension and it requires a deliberate act of will to relax muscles which have involuntarily tied themselves into knots. In extreme cases it is a job for a physio-therapist but it need never, and should never, get to this stage. If you make a conscious effort to relax physically in moments of stress, you will be effectively taking the war against nervous tension into the enemy camp. Sometimes a course of professional massage will relax the limbs and soothe the nerves. Any kind of simple physical exercise, by increasing the *voluntary* control of the muscles, will help to counteract the *involuntary* tension caused by anxiety, which is yet another reason for starting and ending the day with a daily dozen.

No one lives on the nerves in its literal meaning, but it is true that metabolism is regulated by a nervous mechanism. A sensible regard for physical well-being will at least prevent the nerves from gaining the whiphand over health.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 32)

learns that his interest in a lovely sitter is more than professional. Character and sensitive writing are Mr. Romilly's two strong points.

UNHAPPY the lot of a Spanish republican exile who returns to his homeland where now he has no family anchorage, to find a black-marketeering and tyrannical police state and his son a victim of Communist-Fascist conflict. "I'll be a stranger in England all my life," he says; "but then, I'm a stranger here, too, and that hurts more . . ." Arturo Barea presents a tragic picture of a cross-section of Franco Spain in **"The Broken Root"** (Faber, 15s.).

THE historical novelist who can so fuse her tale with emotion and imagination as to give it an almost psychic reality is rare, but Zofia Kossak achieves that in her story of the First Crusade, **"Angels in the Dust"** (Hutchinson, 15s.). The energy of her writing is terrific, the range vast in background and dramatic incident. It is as if she had lived the whole thing in a dream rather than through a pen or typewriter. A pageant of a tale for a week by the sea!

LIGHTER, more gallant in its romance, is Francis Gérard's story of two cousins in Napoleon's army, **"The Envoy of the Emperor"** (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.). Major de Sargny of the Hussars is ambushed and wounded by irregulars while carrying a dispatch to Masséna's H.Q. at Santarem on the Tagus; a ruse to trick Wellington by intercepting and divulging it to him involves both cousins in a tragic climax. Francis Gérard dons the cloak of *Brigadier Gérard* in this sabre-rattling yarn of cavalry exploits.

THE Great Trek north of the Boers and the conquest of the Matabele, written from the native standpoint, is the ambitious theme of South African Negro Peter Abrahams's **"Wild Conquest"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.). Fine drama and suspense carry the story forward from the time when the news of the freeing of slaves comes to a Cape Colony farm from Cape Town, and the natives, under slave-post leader Johannes, begin to erupt in violence. A seduction en route which leaves nothing unsaid may be too physically frank for some readers, but South Africa can be proud of the rest of this notable novel.

YOLANDA FÖLDES is much more discreet with the first-sight love romance she portrays in **"Fain Would I Change"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.), for it has to last the whole book. It concerns Elizabeth, a young English divorcee visiting Italy, and Mario, a laboratory researcher who has been caught up in the underground resistance movement. Other characters ebb and flow in the conflicting currents of war and postwar Italy and Paris. The tale has the sharp human touch that made *The Street of the Fishing Cat* memorable.

THREE U.S. novels merit attention. Fred Gipson's **"The Home Place"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) is a naïve country story about a city family that returns to a Texan farm to redeem it from soil-erosion decay. Diana Gaines's **"Tasker Martin"** (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.) is a wealthy rail magnate who vanishes after a party, and whose corrupt life is disclosed in a series of flashbacks by the people who attended it. In Eleazar Lipsky's **"The People Against O'Hara"** (Wingate, 10s. 6d.), the Homicide Bureau tackles a Greenwich Village murder which looks black against a man named by the dying victim but decidedly promising for a forthcoming M-G-M gangster film.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

NOVELS

"An English Murder," by Cyril Hare (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"The Darlingtons,"** by Sylvia Brooke (Boardman, 10s. 6d.); **"Haven,"** by Elizabeth Bibesco (James Barrie, 10s.); **"High Life in the Andes,"** by David Dodge (Arthur Barker, 9s. 6d.); **"Maura,"** by Huthi Singh (Constable, 12s. 6d.); **"The Haunted Bookshop,"** by Christopher Morley (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"Early To Bed,"** by Anne Piper (Putnam, 8s. 6d.); **"Best American Detective Stories of 1950,"** edited by David C. Cooke (Boardman, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Cinema, 1951," edited by Roger Manvell and R. K. Neilson Baxter (A Pelican Book, 2s. 6d.); **"The 'Manchester Guardian' Third Crossword Puzzle Book"** (Penguin Books, 1s. 6d.); **"The Health of the Mind,"** by J. R. Rees (revised edition, Faber, 9s. 6d.); **"Gallery of Champions,"** by Helen Hull Jacobs (Alvin Redman, 9s. 6d.); **"International Gallery of Conductors,"** by Donald Brook (Rockliff, 16s.); **"How I Cured My Duodenal Ulcer,"** by John Parr (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.); **"Elizabethan and Jacobean Costume,"** by Graham Reynolds, and **"Early Tudor Costume,"** by James Laver (Harrap, 10s. 6d. each); **"The Drawings of Henry Fuseli,"** by Nicholas Powell (Faber, 25s.).

END

Face Powder

CLINGS . . COVERS . . . MATT
AND FLAWLESS ALL DAY THROUGH

Nylon-sifted fine as air, yet Goya Face Powder clings . . . covers . . . gives flawless matt make-up all day through. Created in many bewitching shades to suit every skin . . . wonderfully fragrant, wonderfully flattering. 3/-

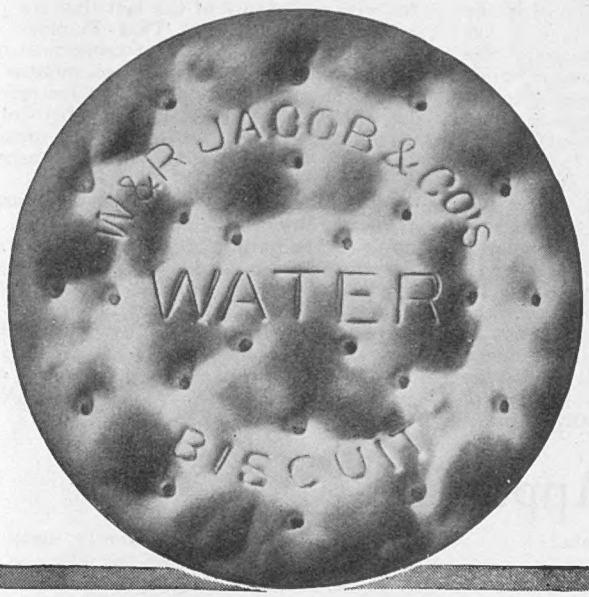
BEAUTY ALL DAY by Goya

BEAUTY BASE . . . flawless make-up foundation that nourishes while your powder clings all day long. 3/9

ROSE LOTION . . . Goya's new all-purpose lotion . . . to cleanse, soothe, nourish from top to toe. 3/9

GOYA LIPSTICK . . . new creamy texture in nine glamorous colours. 6/6

GOYA · 161 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W.1



JACOB'S

Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL), LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

'5-Star' Motoring

What does it mean?

'Five-Star' Motoring means Ford leadership. Every Ford owner gets the greatest possible satisfaction out of his motoring at the lowest possible cost. Here are the factors which contribute to that end:—

★ PRECISION ENGINEERING IN EVERY PART OF A FORD CAR.

★ LOW INITIAL COST. ★ LOW MAINTENANCE COSTS.

★ LONG CAR-LIFE. ★ NATION-WIDE DEALER SERVICE.

That last point is particularly important to-day. To keep older models at their maximum efficiency Ford Service is always near at hand.

Ford

Motoring is '5-Star' Motoring

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · DAGENHAM

Refresh and Revive

with

Frozoclone or Frozolavender

by Demuth

The original Eau-de-Cologne and Lavender Water in solid icy sticks

The fresh cool fragrance of Frozoclone or Frozolavender will help to relieve and revive you from headaches and weariness. Keeps you fresh in hot weather—on every occasion. Try its fragrant icy coolness to-day. . . .

In plastic handypacks from your Chemist 4/3

an official Festival Souvenir

A New Deal For The Glensfolk (*Continued from page* 15)

method by which much Highland power is obtained—trapping and diverting water from one watershed to another.

It would be unworthy of Scots ingenuity to allow the installations to interfere with the comfort and convenience of the creatures which make Scotland's rivers and lochs so fruitfully famous. To enable salmon to climb one dam which is 65 feet high, the designers have provided an 880-ft. fish pass of about thirty concrete chambers and three intermediate pools where the travellers can rest from the strain of negotiating the ascent. Another dam, nearly twice as high, is bypassed by an ingenious kind of stair or ladder.

Equally skilful planning seeks to harmonize construction with its surroundings. Mellowed by time, most power stations, dams and pipelines should eventually blend fairly satisfactorily with their environment, and the steel towers which carry the transmission lines are fitting surprisingly well into their backgrounds of hills, mountains and forests. And this is fortunate, for scenically this part of Scotland vies with any country in the world. But industrially and commercially it is barren, and the bright invader is being welcomed as the discreet and sovereign remedy, transfusing the deserted glens with men, women and children, and the lifeblood of new hope and new industries; 10,000 men are engaged on construction alone, many living with their families in the first few of the stone-housed villages which are planned to stimulate new social life in small Highland communities. And thousands more glensfolk will be received back to conjure synthetic materials from Highland limestone, acetylene from the mountains, to initiate groups of plastics, and to tap others of Scotland's vast mineral deposits to establish and feed several more light industries. Practically all the plant—alternators, transformers, sluice gates, pipes, cranes—required for the hydro-electric installations is supplied by Scottish engineering firms.

To look upon the sources of this precious fluid shackled to the service of man provides one with some fascinating spectacles. One magnificent torrent cascades down a 2,695-ft. mountain side, ending its rushing flight with a sheer drop of 200 feet—"white as a snowy charger's tail," into the loch at its feet. The Glomach, near the Kyle of Lochalsh, springs from peaks rising to almost 4,000 feet, its more impressive falls and reaches haunted by engaging legends of kelpies, those mischievous spirits of loch and stream and fall. At one point Glomach pours over a precipice in a fall of over 350 feet. That makes the drop nearly 200 feet greater than Niagara.

Scotland has, in fact, several waterfalls with this distinction. Where the Eas-coul-Aulin takes its giant leap into Loch Glencone, the plunge is easily three times Niagara's. There are picture-book falls at Divach and Glen Urquhart (both in Inverness-shire) and Kukaig in Sutherland. The two Falls of Foyers, which eventually flow into Loch Ness, are reputedly the finest in Britain. These and a hundred others of almost equal majesty and beauty meet adventurers into the unsignposted Highland wilds. They find the idling rills which swell in turn into restless rivulets, torrents racing through the glens to thundering cascades that feed the lochs which are the ways to electricity as cheap as in Norway.

The Hydro-Electric Board have taken as their watchword the Gaelic phrase "Neart nan Gleann"—Strength of the Glens. The strength of the glens has always been drawn from their watercourses. The new strength which is coming from electricity is no exception.

END

A Romance Which Never Flowered (*Continued from page* 24)

more and more. In 1847, when she came with her family to London, to stay at the Burlington Hotel, Richard was a frequent and ever-welcome guest to both breakfast and dinner. That Whitsun he was again at Embley, and in June he went with the Nightingales to Oxford for a meeting of the British Association. As far as Mrs. Nightingale was concerned, her daughter could not see too much of the charming Mr. Monckton Milnes. For who, from the point of view of a fond and ambitious Victorian mother, could be a more eligible husband for her daughter than this well-bred, rich and fashionable suitor?

That Florence's thoughts, despite herself, were much occupied with the same subject is shown by a letter of hers written that autumn to her old friend "Clarkey." "We must all take Sappho's leap," she wrote, "one way or another, before we attain to her repose—though some take it to death and some to marriage and some again to a new life even in this world. Which of them is the better part, God only knows. Popular prejudice gives it in favour of marriage."

And then came the thing that Florence had been half hoping for, half fearing: Richard proposed. What could she say? She longed to be loved; and while, in her hopelessly divided state of mind, she could not bring herself to accept him (though now she felt for him a very real affection) she dreaded the thought of losing him. So, in an agony of doubt, and to her mother's consternation, she put him off.

But after some months of what was, for him, heart-rending indecision on Florence's part, the devoted Richard could wait no longer, and he demanded an answer. And courageously, irrevocably, treasuring her vision of a very different kind of life, Florence refused him.

To her mother and her sister Parthe, her refusal was madness; in their eyes Florence had thrown away a prize through pure perversity. They knew little of the heart-searchings and bitter renunciation that she had suffered. Florence tried to give her reasons for the step in a private note. She wrote: "I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a passionate nature which requires satisfaction and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active, nature which requires satisfaction and that would not find it in his life. I could not satisfy this nature by spending a life with him in making society and arranging domestic things."

In disgrace, Florence was packed away by her mother to Egypt, whither she went in the winter of 1849 with Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, family friends. For long she remained bitterly despairing and at the end of 1850 she was still desperately unhappy at the loss of Richard. She thought continually of him; and one night early in 1851 she dreamed of him, imagining that he was directing her to take her up her longed-for career of nursing.

Next day, by a strange chance, she met him at a reception of Lady Palmerston's. His greeting was, for a rejected suitor, curiously prosaic. He pressed his way through the crowd and said to her: "The noise of this room is like a cotton-mill." And that was all. It was not callousness that prompted this unromantic remark of Richard's to the girl who had refused him; it was his wise acceptance of the fact that the past was done and ended. That Florence was deeply hurt by his lack of tenderness only shows that after nearly eighteen months her heart was still not whole again. A few months later Richard married Miss Annabel Crewe; and so he, at least, wrote finis to a romance that had brought nothing but heartache to himself and Florence.

If Florence Nightingale had married Richard Monckton Milnes and thus renounced her burning desire to make nursing her career, even denied her destiny, would she have been happy? Who can say? What is certain is that if she had not set out for the Crimea in 1854 on her mission of healing, and after that devoted her life to the sick, England would have lost the services of a very great woman.

J. W.

END

Hot Weather Appetite

The Savouries (*Continued from page* 50)

each fold overlaps the last. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. about 20 minutes. Remove tins. For filling put a few cooked peas at the bottom. Next a little fish creamed with a spoonful of white sauce and finely-diced cucumber, finally a few peas and, if served cold, a swirl of parsley butter for garnish. Serve hot on bed of green peas tossed in margarine and finely-chopped mint, or cold with mixed salad.

SAUSAGE AND HAM FLAN

Make a flan-case with 6 oz. short pastry. Cover bottom with rounds of cooked sausage, diced ham, and 1 hard-boiled egg, cut in rounds. A few rounds of tomato instead of, or as well as egg, make the flan look pretty. Prepare ½ pint aspic jelly from aspic powder, when nearly setting pour carefully into flan. Leave to set. Serve with green salad.

CHEESE AND TOMATO SCALLOPS

Line greased scallop shells with a layer of sliced tomatoes (skinned). Fill with the following:

½ pint milk; teacup breadcrumbs; 1 egg; 3 oz. grated cheese; seasoning; 1 oz. melted margarine.

Soak crumbs in milk, add half the cheese, margarine, seasoning and egg, beaten. Fill shells. Cover with rest of cheese and brown crumbs. Dot with margarine. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F. for 20 minutes. Serve with peas and young carrots.

The Sweets (*Continued from page* 51)

Separate the eggs. Heat the milk, pour it on the yolks, stir well and add the sugar. Return to the pan, heat gently, until the custard thickens. Make up the jelly and add it to the custard. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites and put into individual round moulds. When set, turn out and decorate each with cream or mock cream and cherries.

SUMMER PUDDING

Line a pudding basin with slices of bread dipped in raspberry or blackcurrant juice. Fill basin with alternate layers of various fruits and slices of bread. For instance: strawberries, bread, raspberries, following with stoned cherries, or red currants, blackcurrants, etc., according to fruits available. Finish with lid of bread soaked in juice. Lay saucer on top with heavy weight to press. Leave some hours. Turn out. Decorate sides with lattice pattern or rosettes of thick whipped cream pushed through a forcing tube.

END

1.7.51

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford), Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, W.C.2. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co. Ltd.

Camilla

Fashion Shades in Wolsey nylons

MAINLY FOR EXPORT

Camilla ★ Annette ★ Delys ★ Estelle ★ Lisette ★ Scarlett ★ Peter Pan

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE EXCLUSIVE FILTER

royds 11c